No. 774
Friday
16 Aug. '91

PRIVATE EYE

70p

BAKER FLIES BACK!

IF A MARRIED MAN HAS AN AFFA

According to the dictionary, a bisexual man is simply one who has sex with both men and women.

As a way of life, however, bisexuality can prove to be anything but simple.

Yet few of the problems bisexual men have faced in th past can compare with the one that confronts them now.

HIV. The virus that causes AIDS.

The Human Immunodeficiency Virus is transmitted whe

R, IT MAY NOT BE WITH A WOMAN.

nfected semen, blood or vaginal fluid enters the body.

And of all sexual activities, unprotected anal intercourse presents the highest risk.

Even using a condom won't make it completely safe.

If you'd like more information about AIDS or safer sex, ring the special bisexual helpline on 0800 83 85 75.

This is open from 4 pm to 10 pm daily. All calls are free of charge and completely confidential.

HEALTH EDUCATION AUTHORITY

Grippy.

ONE OF the differences between
greatness and mere eccentricity,
is an ability in the truly great
to draw out the genius in another.

So it was with some smacking of the
lips that we heard of a recent tasting
organized by Decanter Magazine.

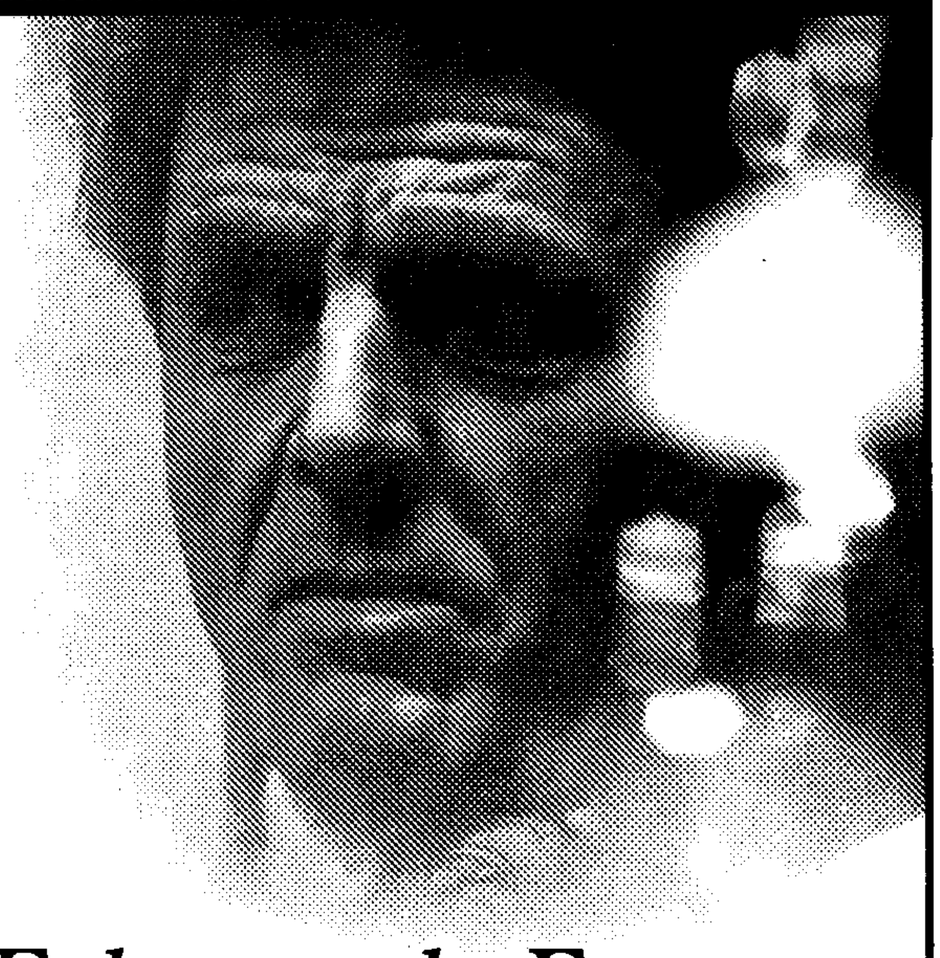
Three of Scotland's most lauded malt
whiskies were to be rated in terms of
'partnership appeal' with that other great
Scottish contribution to world gastronomy -
smoked Speyside salmon.

And which one emerged with
commendations such as 'a real corker...',
'full, strong, dry *grippy flavours'* and
'the perfect partner'?

Yes, you have *smoked it out.*
'I love it and would recommend it.'

The Macallan. The Malt.

John Wells
joins the cast of this
'UNMISSABLE' *production*
INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY



Edward Fox
'a great, haunting, comic performance'
SUNDAY TIMES
Sarah Berger Frank Barrie
John Wells
in
The Philanthropist
by Christopher Hampton
with Hetty Baynes
and Angus Pope Harriet Harrison
directed by Kenneth Ives

'It is a real pleasure to welcome so literate and humane a play back into the West End'
DAILY TELEGRAPH

'In a West End starved of palatable theatre, the returning of THE PHILANTHROPIST is an act of real charity' INDEPENDENT

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Gnome

THE *Peephole*, a prestigious Sunday newspaper published by Gnome Communications, has been the subject of a disgraceful judgement by the Press Complaints Commission.

The complaint originally arose from a harmless and lighthearted feature on the front page of the *Peephole* which included a naked photograph of Her Majesty the Queen. With its witty headline "Bare to the Throne!!!" and its sensitively written copy ("The Royals may have their knockers but lovely Liz certainly windsor lot of public affection!!!"), the piece was clearly in the best possible taste.

This view was not shared by the Queen Mother who complained to the Press Complaints Commission. The *Peephole* then, quite rightly, ran another harmless and lighthearted feature on the front page which included naked photographs of both the Queen *and* the Queen Mother. Again, there was a witty headline — "Get Stuffed Both of You!" — and some accompanying text: "How dare anyone criticise this newspaper. If any whingeing reader thinks the PCC or the Pathetic Cretins Committee, as we call them, can scare us, they've got another think coming."

To my amazement, the PCC objected to this and decided that the *Peephole*'s conduct should be censured as "a flagrant contempt" of all the agreements reached on self-regulation.

I am gravely disappointed by this response and am having serious doubts about the future of the Press Complaints Commission.

My critics have suggested that the *Peephole* is undermining the case for self-regulation by the Press and is merely strengthening the hand of those who want to introduce legislation.

They ask me: "Do you really want a privacy bill in this country which not only curbs the tabloids but which prevents any effective journalism into the lives of the rich and powerful?"

My answer is simple: "Yes, of course. That's exactly what I want."

E. Strobes
Lord Gnome
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London W1

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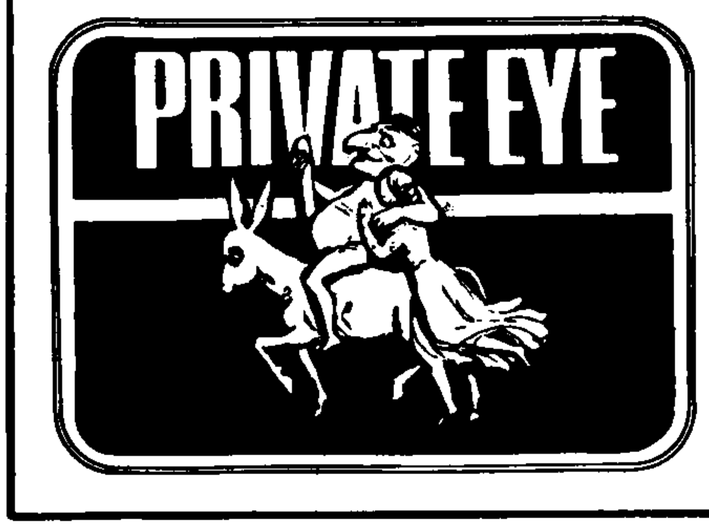


COLOUR SECTION

THE HYSTERICAL welcome afforded to John McCarthy by the media and the Government is in marked contrast to much of their behaviour over the last five years.

Not long ago, when Mrs Thatcher ruled the world, the response from Number Ten to the campaigns to free the hostages was that John McCarthy was a busybody leftie who could well be left where he was, and that his friend Jill Morrell was even worse as she made speeches against the Government at trade union conferences. Nor was there much sympathy for Terry Waite. He, after all, had been an aide to that insufferable peacenik, Robert Runcie, the former Archbishop of Canterbury.

These hostile attitudes reinforced Mrs Thatcher's determination, as she constantly put it, "not to make deals with people who take hostages". She went on insisting that this was the "cornerstone" of both British and US policy, even while it was being revealed, to her intense embarrassment, that her beloved President Reagan was himself masterminding a deal to free hostages by illegally selling arms to the government of Iran.

Mrs Thatcher will go on saying that whatever may have gone on in Irangate, she herself and the British Government were always entirely free of any charge of negotiating with anyone over hostages. Which is one reason she will be most anxious to avoid any further study of the strange case (exposed in *Eyes passim*) of Leslie Aspin.

Aspin was a CIA agent who gave evidence in the 1988 trial of his brother Michael for attempting to defraud Swiss banks by pretending to sell arms to Iran in exchange for the freeing of hostages. Aspin's evidence, which was later set out in a long statement just made public, was that he had been engaged by William Casey, head of the CIA under Reagan, to start a British operation to sell TOW missiles to Iran in exchange for the freeing of American hostages in the Lebanon, including the CIA's main agent in the Middle East, William Buckley.

Aspin said he met Reagan's aides, Oliver North and Richard Secord, in London and other European capitals where they tried to put the deal together, but were eventually frustrated by bankers' caution and the greed of Iranian middlemen.

The significance of this story, as the *Eye* has pointed out on many occasions, is that it moves the start of the Irangate scandal back a year, from 1986 to 1985; involves the then US vice-president, George Bush, and gives the whole story a British flavour.

Nothing seems more likely than that the British Government (Reagan's most loyal ally) would have been kept informed about Iran-Contra, if only because the Blowpipe missile — the weapon most wanted by the Contras in Nicaragua — was manufactured by Short Brothers of Northern Ireland. What a crushing blow it would be to the "Iron Lady" image if it comes out in a new set of congressional hearings in the US that the British Government was complicit in the Iran-Contra deal, at least in so far as negotiating with Iran over the hostages.

Another way these matters could come out in the open would be through a public inquiry into the scandal at the Bank of Credit and Commerce International — the bank used by Leslie Aspin during his attempts to construct a deal.

When the Government announced the Bingham inquiry into BCCI, everyone assumed it would be in public. Then it was revealed it would be behind closed doors. Why? Roy Hattersley, not a man to make an allegation against the secret services if he can help it, says the Government was pressurised into a secret inquiry by the intelligence services. Could it be that there are some modern Peter Wrights who fear that a public inquiry into BCCI might disclose their own involvement in a deal to free important CIA hostages like William Buckley, when hostages of "lesser significance" like John McCarthy are being left to rot?

THE NEWS that Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd will give evidence to the May inquiry into the legal scandals of the Guildford Four and the Maguire family has caused dismay in the judiciary and in the office of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Lane.

Lane's judgment in the Birmingham Six appeal in 1987 was marked by his veiled attack on Hurd, then Home Secretary, for referring the case to the appeal court in the first place. Lane said that the longer he and his colleagues examined cases referred to them by the Home Secretary, the more they became convinced of the guilt of the men concerned.

Hurd was snubbed again a few months later when another case he referred to the court — that of the three men convicted in 1979 for the murder of the newspaper boy Carl Bridgewater — was also thrown out by three judges headed by Lane's friend and admirer Lord Justice Russell.

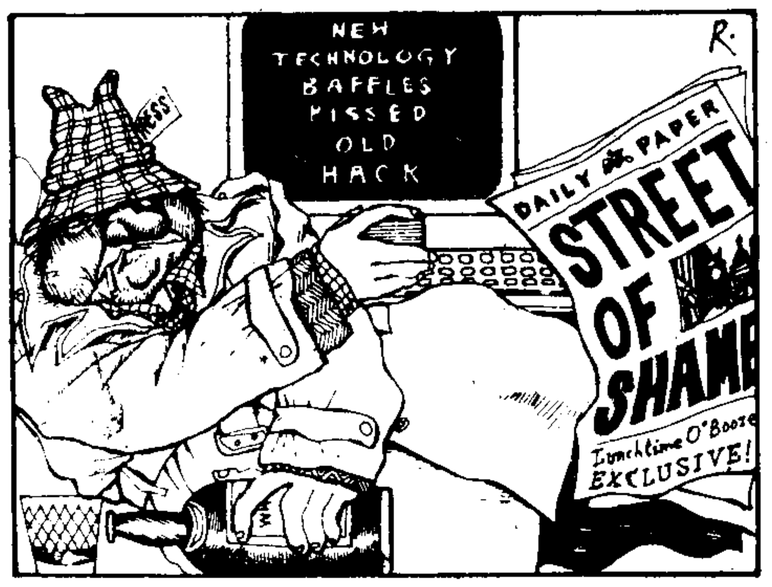
In his evidence to the May inquiry, Hurd is expected to explain in detail why he referred the cases of the Birmingham and Guildford bombings and the Bridgewater case to the court, and may also take some pleasure from the fact that he was right in all three cases — the Birmingham and Guildford cases were both decided in the prisoners' favour; and the Bridgewater case is expected to be sent back shortly for Round Two at the appeal court.

TIM SMITH, the Conservative MP for Beaconsfield, is a very busy man.

Not only is he vice chairman of the Conservative backbench finance committee, but listed in the Directory of Members' Interests are details of his paid consultancy with accountants Price Waterhouse, the auditors who did such sterling work at the disgraced Bank of Credit and Commerce International.

This point is clearly lost on a number of television and radio news editors, like Radio 4's *World at One*, who keep inviting Smith to defend the Government's conduct in the events leading up to the BCCI scandal.

"The Brixton file, Home Secretary"



POOR old Eve Bollard. As the editor of the *Sunday Getsworse*, she strives to present herself as the Queen of "sleaze-free" popular journalism; but hideous ghouls from her sleazy past at the *Sunday Mirror* keep coming back to haunt her.

Following the recent revelation that la Bollard paid £20,000 to a crucial witness in the Michael Shorey murder case comes the news that she will soon be a defendant in a libel trial arising from the murder of Julie Ward in Kenya.

The plaintiff is a friend of Julie's who was said by the *Sunday Mirror* to have been suspected by Kenyan police of committing the murder. For good measure the *Mirror* added that he had taken part in a sex-and-drugs orgy the night before her death.

The *Mirror* piece — written by former *National Inquirer* hack David Barrett — outraged Julie's father, John Ward, and although he himself had no grounds for suing he decided to finance a lawsuit by the friend.

Alarmed by the prospect of crossing swords in court with a grieving father, the *Mirror* offered to settle. Fair enough, John Ward replied: but I want an apology from Robert Maxwell in person. An appointment was duly made for him, and the *Mirror* breathed a sigh of relief.

Alas! At the agreed hour, Ward presented himself at the *Mirror* chairman's office to receive his apology — only to find himself given a ticking-off. "You've caused us a lot of trouble," the furious Cap'n roared.

Not surprisingly, Ward said he would see Maxwell — and Bollard — in court.

CAP'N BOB was not pleased recently to have to pay £250,000 in damages and costs to Mrs Katherine Birks, a New Zealander living in Canada, over stories in the *Sunday Mirror* and *The People* which alleged she had been engaged in Ugandan discussions with Captain Mark Phillips.

The action dates from when Eve Pollard was editing the *Sunday Mirror*, and it was La Bollard who decided to send a posse of private detectives, instead of hacks, to rummage through the trash, intercept the mail and obtain the bank statements of a Miss Katherine Birks — only they picked the wrong Kathy Birks. When they eventually tracked down the right Kathy Birks to Caledon, near Toronto, a *Mirror* hackette was halfway through the bathroom window of Birks's house when she got stuck and dogs started yapping at her from outside and inside.

Rottweiler-like libel solicitor Keith Schilling issued writs for Birks against the *Sunday Mirror* and *The People* and soon found himself up against the Mirror Group's new legal troubleshooter, Oscar Beuselinck, and an assistant, Martin Crudace. This gave Schilling considerable satisfaction as Beuselinck had once been his boss at Wright Webb Syrett, while Crudace had previously worked for Schilling & Lom.

Mrs Birks was inclined to settle and Schilling made a couple of offers on her behalf, but Beuselinck was typically bullish and talked about subpoenaing Mark Phillips. However, when the Mirror Group was forced to disclose the report of its spooks, it caved in and the action was settled on the steps of the court.

EVEN THOSE accustomed to Eve Pollard's unique managerial style have been alarmed by the ferocity of her treatment of erstwhile *Sunday Getsworse* editor Sue Peart.

Not content with firing seven of Peart's staff from under her a few weeks ago, la Bollard "seconded" a further two to work under the bow-tied rodent expert, Charles "Experienced" Golding, on the main newspaper. She then thrust the amply-proportioned John Lyth on Peart as picture editor, and deputed Craig "Bouncing Bog-Brush" Mackenzie to "reorganise" the magazine office (ie pull it down).

But the final straw came when Peart was elected to be next year's chairwoman of the British Society of Magazine Editors — a development which was swiftly vetoed by Bollard, prompting Peart's untimely departure.

Could la Bollard possibly have been the tiniest bit jealous of the popular Peart? Perish the thought.

THERE were disgraceful scenes at the leaving party two weeks ago for Corinna Honan, showbiz editor of the *Daily Mail*, held in the wine-bar below the newspaper's offices.

The *Mail*'s entire showbiz department — Honan, Chrissie Iley, Willie Robertson — had resigned *en masse*, for reasons not unconnected with the recent elevation of "Mad" Rod Gilchrist to number three on the paper. Yet the hated Gilchrist not only turned up at the party, but even made a speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Willie Robertson said by way of introduction, "Mr Rod Gilchrist."

"It's Roderick, actually," Gilchrist snapped angrily.

Gilchrist then recalled some of the more accomplished cock-ups that occurred during Honan's stewardship of the showbiz department — including what has become known as the Middleton Affair.

Richard Middleton, yet another *Mail* showbiz hack, was arrested at Heathrow Airport a few months ago dressed as a policeman and carrying a gun. He claimed he was only obeying orders (the fancy dress was supposed to get him an interview with some film star who was flying in), but he was sacked. His boss Corinna Honan was severely reprimanded by the high-minded Sir David Fester.

During his speech at Honan's party, Gilchrist shamelessly admitted that, although he had cheerfully allowed Honan and Middleton to take the blame, the stunt had in fact been his idea. This revelation didn't go down well with one guest, the now-unemployed Richard Middleton, who began to heckle loudly. Burly *Mail* columnist Baz Bamigboye, whose loyalty to his bosses knows no bounds, promptly called Middleton a Judas and threw a glass of wine in his face. Another *Mail* columnist, John Edwards, then introduced himself to Middleton and attempted to commiserate. "You snivelling little wanker!" Middleton replied. Edwards, not used to being addressed thus, punched Middleton on the nose.

O.B.N.

The amazing influence the Princess has on the thinking of the Western world will enable her to reign forever, not only as the Queen of Great Britain but the Queen of Love... this will lead us into a new era of morality, decency and greatness.

BARBARA CARTLAND
Sunday Telegraph

Submitted by Mrs J. Kinchin.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

THE *Daily Mirror*'s gloating over the travails of Wendy "Badger" Henry (currently dodging writs from Tom Selleck and facing prosecution over a Kennedy rape story) is perhaps slightly overdone.

While Cap'n Bob can claim credit for sacking her as editor of *The People* following her exposure of Prince Willie's "Royal Wee", his distaste for her sleazy style was remarkably short-lived.

Immediately after her sacking, Maxwell allowed the Badger to stay on as editor of the *People*'s magazine. By last year she was fully rehabilitated, working as the Mirror Group's "special projects executive" and reporting directly to Cap'n Bob. It was from this elevated position that she decamped to America to edit the trashy *Globe*, a paper which makes the *National Inquirer* look upmarket.

Maxwell himself has long been interested in the American supermarket tabloids which are now so vigorously condemned in the *Mirror*. As well as flirting with the *Globe*'s rival title *The Star*, Maxwell set up a special Mirror Group subsidiary (under ex-*People* editor John Blake) through which he tried to buy the *National Inquirer*. Fortunately, the plan, like so many Maxwell schemes, fell through.

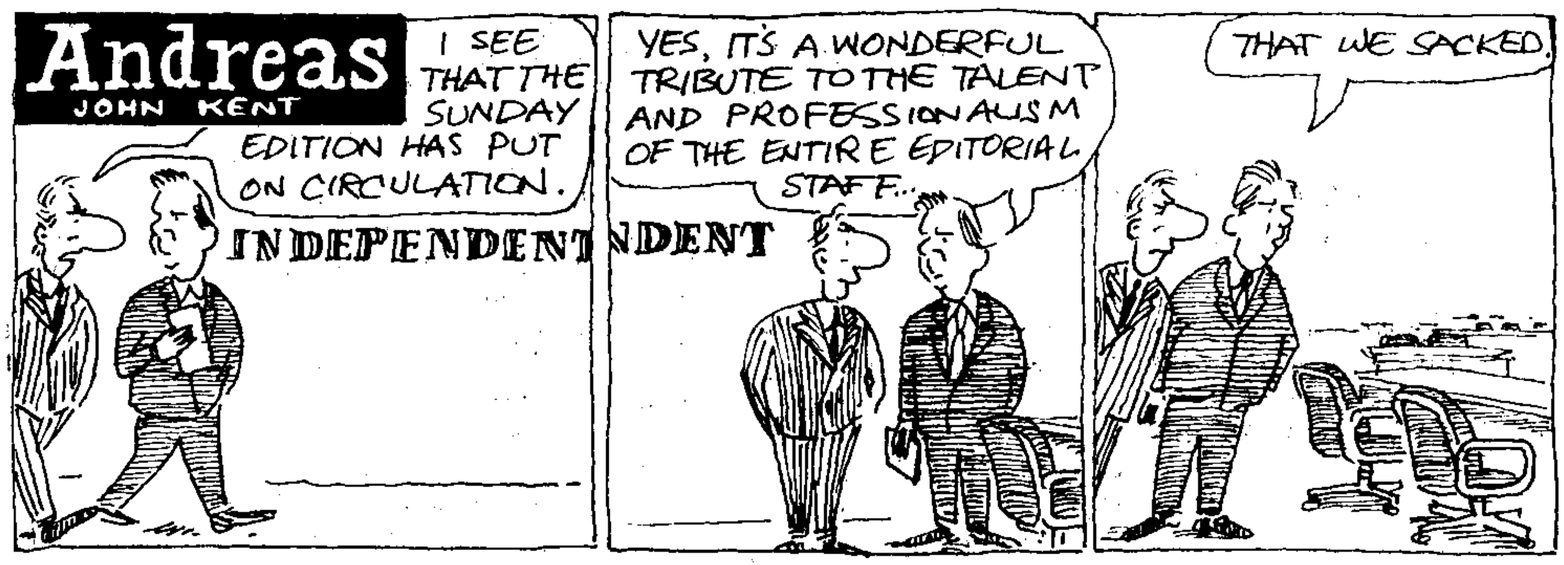
More recently, it was Maxwell's *Sunday Mirror* which first carried a story — written by Wendy Henry's husband, Tim Miles — naming the alleged Kennedy rape victim. The Badger's reproduction of the *Mirror* piece in the *Globe* may yet land her in the slammer. But no doubt Cap'n Bob will stand by his protégée in her hour of need.

GORGEOUS pouting *Daily Mail* feature-writer Jane Kelly was on top form in Italy last week, where she had been sent to cover Charles and Diana's "second honeymoon".

Rather than following the movements of the Prince and Princess of Wales, for much of the time she was closeted in her room at the inappropriately-named Jolly Hotel in Naples, watching Italian TV game-shows.

Despite her reluctance to venture outside Room 2326, the excitable hackette still somehow managed to compose a witty "colour piece" on the royal-watching antics of her tabloid colleagues. Rival hacks, who lost count of the number of factual errors in her published copy, were especially perplexed by her reference to tired and emotional hacks consuming vodka with their morning cornflakes.

Only one journalist in the hotel was ever seen to have over-indulged — the same one who confessed in a relaxed moment that her boyfriend was a 44-year-old alcoholic transvestite. Who was this appalling hack? Step forward... Ms Jane Kelly.


Andreas
JOHN KENT
I SEE THAT THE SUNDAY EDITION HAS PUT ON CIRCULATION.
INDEPENDENT
YES, IT'S A WONDERFUL TRIBUTE TO THE TALENT AND PROFESSIONALISM OF THE ENTIRE EDITORIAL STAFF...
NDENT
THAT WE SACKED.

SUSAN Douglas, the *Daily Mail* harpie who is joining the *Sunset Times* in the autumn, has managed to upset at least one future colleague before she has even joined the paper.

Invited to a Chelsea restaurant in order to meet some of her new colleagues, Douglas was unable to restrain her cattish tongue. When hackette Kate Carr decided to leave before everyone else, explaining she had to go home to "see to" her baby, Douglas noted aloud in Lady Bracknellish tones that it must be "a C2 baby, indeed."

She'll fit in well at Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill's unsnobbish rag.

See page 11.

RICHARD NEEDHAM's attempts to push through the last planned pre-election privatisation are not going well.

The elegant Northern Ireland minister — whose one claim to fame is that he called Thatch a cow on his mobile telephone — is determined to flog off the province's power industry despite opposition from all sides of the community.

Northern Ireland Electricity (NIE) plays a vital role in the local economy and control of its four generating stations is a sensitive political and security issue — it was power workers who brought down the last attempt at devolved government in the 1970s.

The Stormont ministers have been anxious to spread control, so last week's decision by NIE management to put together an in-house tender for most of the company is not what the Government had in mind. The plans of the executives seem doomed to failure.

Earlier this year, they earned Brownie points by becoming the first generator in 20 years to import cheap South African coal. It dramatically undercut the price of Scottish opencast coal and was hailed as a magnificent precedent. But apart from this breakthrough, NIE's management has been at loggerheads with Stormont.

Last month Needham claimed the board supported privatisation, a statement which had to be qualified by civil servants. What Needham meant, it was said, was that the board supported the principle of privatisation, while opposing his chosen method of splitting the company into job lots. This clutching at straws sums up Needham's year so far.

With privatisation months behind schedule, NIE's chairman resigned in March after disagreeing with Needham's plans. Only one member of NIE's board has slavishly support the sell-off arrangements, and that is Tony Hadfield, the chief executive.

In May, however, the NIE board unanimously decided not to renew his contract. This was all the more remarkable because the board had been appointed by Needham specifically to oversee the sale. Following considerable armtwisting, the board reconvened and reversed its decision and offered Hadfield a new contract.

Thus Needham intends to go ahead with privatisation despite his own appointees' opposition and with a chief executive in whom the board has publicly expressed no confidence. And to cap it all the sell-off was confirmed not in the old fashioned way via an announcement in the House of Commons but in an advert in last Friday's *Financial Times*.

SHELAGH Carmichael, who recently became chairman of the Bournemouth East Conservative Association, has something of an exotic past.

She is a member of the Conservative Party's younger women's group and was placed on the approved list of parliamentary candidates last year. When elected association chairman in March, her CV boasted that she was a leading member of the right-wing Monday Club, which caused several Jewish members to walk out of the meeting.

In fact, on 16 March Carmichael had been expelled from the Monday Club. This followed an argument over £500 of missing funds from the Hampshire and Dorset branch (chairman: S. Carmichael) and a letter circulated to members. She had also circulated a letter to members of her branch stating her intention to close it down because it had been infiltrated by right-wing extremists.

Conservatives in the Bournemouth area evidently have short memories, otherwise they might have recalled that back in the early 70s Shelagh Carmichael — then Shelagh Meredith — was a branch secretary of the Bournemouth National Front (of which her late father had been chairman). When she became an Independent local councillor in 1977, she was exposed in the *Bournemouth Evening Echo*. Some years later she withdrew from the council, changed her name back from her married name of Meredith and began to climb the greasy pole in the Tory party.

By 1990 most of the political activists who had helped expose her back in 1977, such as Jewish Labour councillor Cyril Speller, were safely dead, and she withdrew from the wealthy Bournemouth West Conservative Association and joined the rundown outfit in Bournemouth East.

Presumably she simply forgot to inform the Conservative Party's vice-chairman in charge of candidates, Sir Tom Arnold, about her National Front credentials when applying to go on the approved candidates' list — or he would surely have blocked her path.

THE SUPREMELY charmless figure of Peter Lilley, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, seems certain to continue the Government's policy of helping its chums and curtailing diversity and competition — this time over the national commercial radio franchise award.

Earlier this year the ubiquitous Lord Hanson and his partners at the Glasgow-based Radio Clyde seemed set to win the licence from the Radio Authority with their UKFM bid. Under the same auction rules currently destroying ITV, victory went to a vastly over-bidding consortium led by former British Rail chairman Sir Peter Parker — but for how long?

His Showtime Radio is due on air next May but is increasingly unlikely to get off the ground. For its eight-year franchise it has agreed to pay the Treasury 4 percent of its revenue plus an annual fee of £1,753,000 (to be adjusted upwards each year in line with inflation), as well as handing over £1 million each year to the Radio Authority for its licence. Even without the advertising slump, Parker can never hope to make a profit and the franchise is therefore confidently expected to fall into the hands of... Hanson and Radio Clyde's Taggart-like chairman, James Gordon.

Normally the Monopolies and Mergers Commission would take an interest in any such deal, but recent history shows the MMC to be particularly craven when it comes to the business dealings of pro-Tory media tycoons (cf. Rupert Murdoch and BSkyB, *Tawdry* newspaper, etc etc.)

There were no objections raised when Hanson gave Clyde day-to-day management of his somnolent London station, Melody, despite Clyde's increasing dominance of local radio. And earlier this year Lilley-Liver decided not to refer Clyde's takeover of the Edinburgh-based Radio Forth group to the MMC. As a result, Clyde now wholly owns six out of eight independent local radio stations in Scotland. It's also picked up, from London's Capital, a 22 percent stake in Moray Firth Radio, leaving the minuscule West Sound in Ayrshire the only Scottish local station without Clyde's — or Hanson's — influence.

With a 40 percent stake in the Birmingham station Buzz FM, interests in satellite transmission and an advertising sales house, as well as various management roles present and future for Hanson, Clyde's commercial success seems assured, provided the Tories win the next election. Any future Labour government might be less reticent than Lilley-Liver about asking the Monopolies and Mergers Commission to pull its finger out and look at this quietly sprawling media empire.

'Backbiter'

Cult Corner

G&G, the East Grinstead "health food" store run by an assortment of Scientologists, has until very recently been wary of revealing its links with the batty Hubbardista cult.

This is perhaps because its chairman David Gaiman is wanted by the FBI for his part in the Scientologists' burglaries of tax authority offices in the US. But he has told other Scientologists that the business achieved a "screaming affluence" thanks to Scientology and, last month, G&G's newsletter proudly announced that the company was basing its organisation on "Hubbard Management Technology".

L. Ron Hubbard had his stock of vitamin pills confiscated by the US government after he had marketed them as an antidote to radiation sickness, and the cult has since advocated vitamin preparations for curing drug addiction as part of its expensive "purification run-down".

Even more disturbingly, G&G is boasting that it is on the verge of breaking into the Russian market where it has already persuaded people to adopt its ineffectual "Narconon" drug treatment (see *Eyes passim*). A company of Scientologists pandering to hypochondria should perhaps carry its own health warning!

"They're stage-door johnnies..."

ARMS NEWS

THE CURSE of Gnome has struck following our savage indictment in *Eye* 766 of the National Exhibition Centre's capitulation to the arms lobby in staging the biennial Defence Components and Equipment fair.

Astonishingly, the Birmingham-based NEC has turned away the Defence Manufacturers' Association and the vast arsenal of military hardware it was hoping to bring back to Birmingham in 1993.

Previously, Sir Dick Knowles, the egregious leader of Birmingham city council and NEC board member, had insisted that the council couldn't interfere with whomsoever the NEC chose to keep company and had no jurisdiction over the NEC even though the exhibition centre was sited on socialist soil belonging to the town hall.

But for this year's fair, organised by Solihull-based Reed Exhibitions, a massive campaign of opposition gathered pace with regular peace campaigners joined by bishops, MPs and showbiz celebs descending on Motel City and trying to blockade the NEC entrances. The protestations even included a bizarre "cleansing" of the exhibition hall by Sister Maire-Collette, a Dominican nun.

It appears that the NEC was finally persuaded by arguments that since much of the weaponry flaunted at the 1989 show had achieved practical use in the Gulf War, the goods on display in 1991 could have similar uses on another battlefield in future years.

Or perhaps the Defence Manufacturers' Association's boast that despite the thawing of the cold war arms dealers could continue to thrive because of the ease which they could peddle their wares to the "starving" Third World proved too much even for Birmingham's battle-weary leaders.

To incredulous reporters Sir Dickie announced: "I am delighted that the sale of these weapons will no longer happen in Birmingham. I do not think that the private manufacture of arms is the proper way to deal with defence."

It remains to be seen whether Sir Dickie and chums will now succumb to the arms lobby's playing of the emotional blackmail card and the warning that ending the exhibition will damage the British defence industry and the £2 billion worth of exports it accrued last year.

Grovel

NOT CONTENT with a gruelling schedule launching ships and talking to right-wing maniacs in the United States, Lady Thatcher, ever the workaholic, has taken a proper retirement job at last: the chancellorship of the University of Buckingham.

I would have expected Britain's only fully-private independent university to have crowed about the appointment, but Thatch's "election" has been conducted in the utmost secrecy.

She will be joined in her new sinecure by her wet former arts minister Sir Richard Luce, who is to become Buckingham's new vice-chancellor, the more demanding of the two posts; and, more fittingly, she replaces another ex-minister, Quintin Hailsham, whose ebullient and lengthy speech proposing her ensured that the university convocation didn't embarrassingly vote to reopen nominations.

According to Buckingham's rather Stalinist constitution, only one candidate can be considered for "election" by convocation. Indeed, university administrators were so worried that dissidents would ungenerously try to block her nomination — remember how the Oxford snobocracy shunned her so vindictively — that they disingenuously wrote to members of convocation: "In order to avoid press speculation before the meeting, members are asked to keep the name (Thatcher) confidential to members of convocation."

But why were the New Britons of Buckingham so keen to secure Thatch's services? Surely not because they hope she will now choose Buckingham as a base for the potentially-lucrative Thatcher Foundation?

THE SCENE: a studio at Broadcasting House. Sir Kingsley Amis is recording a radio programme about books.

Thanks to the new austerity at the BBC, no "hospitality" is provided. But, knowing Sir Kinger's fondness for a tipple, the producer has thoughtfully bought a bottle of whisky with her own money, so he can have a glass or two afterwards.

Once the recording is over she proffers the bottle and a glass, inviting the great novelist to pour himself a snifter. "Ah, thank you," Amis splutters — whereupon he grabs the entire bottle and puts it in his pocket.

● *MY PINK chum Duncan Campbell, the spectacularly litigious left-wing journalist, has decided to "relocate" to Edinburgh. Much of London's male population will rejoice at the news: for ever since he discovered he was a homosexualist, back in the late 1980s, "Dunky" has become something of a menace.*

One of his party pieces is to plunge his hand inside the trousers of some unsuspecting man who is standing near him. If the man resists or complains, Dunky denounces him for being "repressed".

Sometimes he is even more direct. Driving to London recently with a leading mountaineer whom he had offered to put up on his couch for the night, Dunky suddenly asked: "Would you like some gay sex?"

*The climber politely refused this generous offer, pointing out that he was a married man who didn't have any homosexual urges. Undeterred, Dunky pressed on. "You'd change your mind if you tried *** [sadly, unprintable in a family newspaper]."*

Again the mountaineer said no.

"Och!" Dunky exclaimed crossly. "What a prude!"

Pseuds Corner

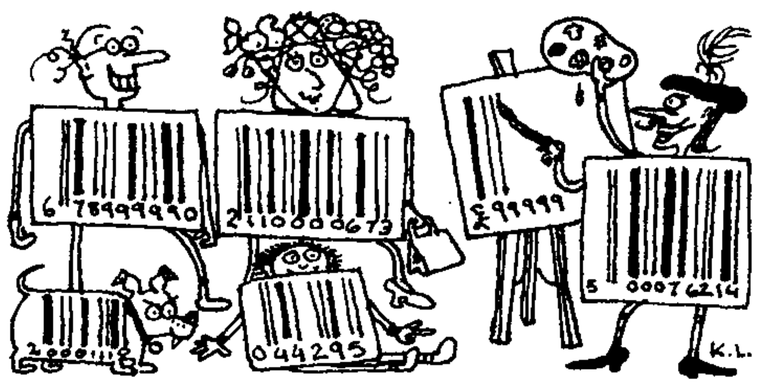
So at Royal Birkdale, in spite of the tents and the hype, in spite of Mark McCormack, something strangely fundamental is being celebrated. An elegantly simple way has been found of solving the problems of the liberal society. Golf involves consumption and the provision of a reason to live, a discipline of self-improvement. The shrivelled Floridians on the milk floats were really spiritual giants, pioneers of a new world order beyond the understanding of G7.

BRIAN APPLEYARD
Sunday Times

Othering and Televisual Narration

A primary manoeuvre in the telling of oneself is "othering" and the dominant theme in my recent reading had been to do with thinking about "othering" — a word I use to talk about how texts delineate and manipulate the self and the other, how texts participate in ongoing struggles over difference.

JACKIE BYARS
International Television Studies Conference



To me the bar code is a symbol of what I have chosen to call infosphere: the consensual informational space which is occupied by abstract and figurative data. The very name bar code suggests information made inaccessible, hidden behind bars. Families of bar codes exist for like products and my bar code paintings are actual encodements of the names of members of my family: a reinterpretation of the whole concept of the family portrait. They were devised in conjunction with the polyalphabetic substitution cipher systems that I developed as a modus in rebus for my work.

PAUL LINDALE
Independent

Lala Meredith-Vula has about 3,000 photos of haystacks, taken in Kosovo in Yugoslavia over two years on a Yugoslav government scholarship; here he shows a selection for her first solo show. These are extraordinary images, sometimes of entire stacks, more often of half-depleted, messy clumps hanging speared by rough supporting poles where the farmer has removed the hay from the bottom up. 'It was a bit like going to Belfast and taking pictures of old people,' says the artist.

ROSE JENNINGS
Time Out

Wearing a couple of leaves in all the strategic places were Mark Harriott and Sarah Hewes, dressed as Adam and Eve.

"If Adam had found another Adam in the Garden of Eden there would be no homophobia in the Church and everybody would be so happy," said Mr Harriott, a costume designer.

Guardian

CONTRIBUTORS: Tim Waite, Edi Smockum, Alexander Rowland, Paul Oswald, A.P.R.

£10 paid for entries

I HEAR Melvyn Bragg has compounded his vile insult to Lynn Barber, the *Indescribablyboring on Sunday*'s killer interviewer.

I have already reported how Barg, who was savagely interviewed by La Barber last year, has introduced a character based on her in his dire serial novel *Crystal Rooms*, which is being published in monthly instalments in *Esquire* magazine. (In an earlier episode Barg described the Barber character, Martha Potter, in most disparaging terms: "Belly folds that cascaded over a crotch once boasted as, and still, insatiable; but now stabled in monogamy... Breasts formerly her glory now sagging? flopping? pendulous? and needing all the technology of the latest bra..."

La Barber was mortified by this description, especially when it was quoted in the *Indescribablyboring Magazine*, admittedly in the context of an attack on Barg's tasteless and ungentlemanly behaviour, and she complained to the paper's editor Andreas Whittam Smith, who wrote the overpaid hackette (£115,000 plus car) a fulsome apology.

However, La Barber will be even more incandescent with rage when she reads the October instalment of *Crystal Rooms*, in which her character is glimpsed performing an unmentionable auto-erotic act with the inner cardboard tube of a loo-roll.

TRAVELLING by train from Victoria, I am obliged to protect the honour of a young lady who is being subjected to vile taunting by two drunken yobs, both of whom are employees of Lord Rothermere.

Travelling on the 16:01 Brighton Express one Wednesday last month, I spied the two tired and emotional men annoying a young lady with obscene talk. I decided this one-sided conversation was so base and offensive and took it upon myself to intervene and invite the lady to move further down the carriage.

She expressed her gratitude, while the drunken duo informed me in unison that "we work for the *Evening* fucking *Standard*, you know."

One identified himself as Frank Dickens, the notoriously unfunny "Pistow" strip cartoonist, and boasted that they had been drinking since 7.30am. In a pathetic effort to prove he possessed a talent for anything other than bad behaviour, he then drew a picture of his character Bristow and signed it.

HE WORLD of publishing was rocked to its foundations by news of the astronomic sums demanded by Kenny Dalglish, the famous Liverpool sports person, for his memoirs.

Kenny's agent has been touting them round at an asking price of £300,000 — £250,000 for the great dribbler and £50,000 for his ghost-writer.

Alas, publishing is in the doldrums and this generous offer has been all too easily refused. It is reported, however, that an unauthorised biography *has* been commissioned but at a much more reasonable fee.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS

SO FAREWELL then, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu! As the first chairman of English Heritage, he has presided over the chequered career of Mr Heseltine's ostensibly independent, statutory historic buildings advisory body with credit. But now Goldilocks, in his second incarnation as Secretary of State for the Environment, seems to have lost interest in his monster.

As I recently observed, his only candidate for Montagu's successor was the preposterously politically-compromised My Lord St John of Fawsley, who, fortunately, has better things to do. Now we learn that the new chairman is to be Mr Jocelyn "Piranha Teeth" Stevens, the excitable ex-Guardsman and ex-magazine proprietor, whose Reign of Terror as rector of the Royal College of Art resulted in scores of sackings and general demoralisation.

What can this mean? Can a man committed to the morality of the marketplace, a "gung-ho Thatcherite", revitalise this quango? Or is this appointment, combined with the absurd proposal to move the organisation to Nottingham, all part of a sinister government plan to finish off a tiresome impediment to the God-given right of property developers to make as much money as possible, regardless of the consequences?

For, never forget that Peter Palumbo, son of Rudolph, is now a favoured friend of the Conservative Party, and that, as chairman of the Arts Council of Great Britain, he has recently set up an architecture department with, as yet, nebulous functions. And it was Lord Palumbo who, in apparent seriousness, made the childish proposal for a new fund to finance the restoration of all the country's historic buildings by the millennium — thus preempting English Heritage which is already concerned with such matters.

And Lord Palumbo *never forgets* and never forgives anyone who has thwarted his plans to build a monument in the heart of the City of London, and English Heritage, of course, opposed him most effectively at both public inquiries (achieving victories which were thwarted by purely political interference). In short, My Lord Palumbo hates English Heritage. Does Mr Heseltine? Does Mr Stevens?

Now, I have had occasion to criticise English Heritage, but not because I want it abolished — quite the reverse: I want it to do more. The tragedy is that the good people in the organisation are increasingly tied up with red tape and civil service methods and the endless management reorganisations that are imposed

on them. And civil servants hate to say no to politicians and the Department of the Environment, so undermining the intended independence of English Heritage. Indeed, there is now increasing political interference in the listing of historic buildings, in case a listing interferes with favoured developments or privatisations.

Hence "Fact file 9/91" on "Listing advice and confidentiality" recently issued to members of staff. The civil servants cannot bear the people in English Heritage who actually know something exercising judgement and initiative, so "individual officers should not, *in any circumstances*, disclose either the nature of EH recommendations to any person or organisation, or report EH internal discussions... The arrangement where local authorities could seek 'informal' advice on listability, including the issue of BPHs [Building Preservation Notices] is to cease. *Local authorities seeking listing advice should contact DoE in all cases...* Failure to comply with this instruction will be regarded as an extremely serious matter and could lead to disciplinary action."

What this will achieve, of course, is fewer listed buildings. But if English Heritage is the statutory adviser to the DoE on listing matters, why cannot experts who know something further the protection of historic buildings by talking to local conservation officers or amenity societies?

What this bit of blue paper reveals is the civil servant's obsession with secrecy and his desire to do what politicians want. English Heritage is being emasculated by craven surrender to political pressure — by people who ought to know better. If Old Piranha Teeth sacks lots of bureaucrats, cancels the move to Nottingham and encourages his staff to do their jobs — to fight for historic buildings — he might be a hero after all. Watch this space.

MR RICHARD MacCormac, president of the RIBA, is relieved that the architectural establishment has closed ranks around him in response to a perceived snub from his client, Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge. Although he has designed a new building and a chapel for the college and prepared a "master plan" for future development, he is peeved that, in accordance with a donor's wishes, a competition has been held for the design of another new building.

Colin Stansfield-Smith, winner of this year's Royal Gold Medal, seems to agree that the commission automatically should have gone to MacCormac and he and other luminaries declined to judge the competition (and MacCormac even to enter it).

Now I do not wish to denigrate our PRIBA. He is not a figure of fun like his predecessor: indeed, unlike the dismal list of timeservers and mediocrities on the make who have constituted the list of presidents in recent years, MacCormac is the first in living memory to deserve respect for his architecture. But I feel his outrage is a little, um, tasteless. Surely he recalls that, at Wadham College, Oxford, where he has designed some interesting buildings, there were architects employed there before him who had prepared a master plan for the college's expansion. And I do not recall that there were shrill squeals of protest from Gillespie, Kidd & Coia when they were supplanted...

'Piloti'

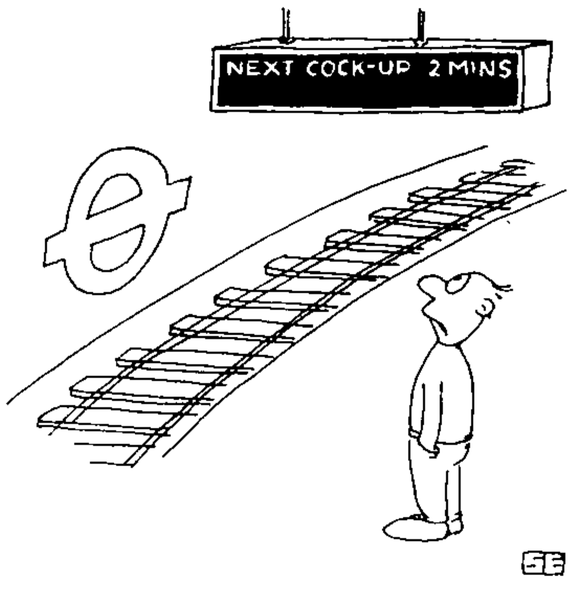
WATER NEWS

FRESH from its triumph at Camelford, in which it poisoned the water supply for the unsuspecting people of the town, covered up the disaster and then systematically lied about it when finally prosecuted, South-West Water is about to engage in an even more ambitious project.

The company wants to dump most of West Cornwall's sewage, only partially treated, into the bay which serves the most popular beaches in their area — at St Ives and Hayle — which are used by about 100,000 holidaymakers a year.

The entire population of the area is against the scheme, and the only reason Penwith district council did not vote against the plan was the councillors' fear that the council would be held liable for the costs if the water company appealed to its beloved government and won. (Chris Patten, the "environment-conscious" chairman of the Conservative Party, is believed to be specially impatient with people who moan about clean water. His first act when Environment Secretary was to plead with the European Commission for lower standards for British water so the industry could be successfully privatised.)

The brass cheek of the South-West Water chiefs is regarded with some amusement by protestors in St Ives. Over the Whitsun holiday, when there was not a parking space to be had in St Ives, three large cars carrying the families of water company chiefs were seen to park on company land just by Porthgwidden beach. The families had a great day in the sea and sun, spoiled only by jeers from some impudent citizens who asked in somewhat impolite language whether the limos would be back once the whole bay was awash with partially treated excrement.



POWER NEWS

WHY HAS the normally publicity-hungry PowerGen kept so quiet about goings-on at its Richborough Power Station?

The silence might have something to do with the plant's recent move to burning bituminous waste from asphalt production: unfortunately the process has run into certain very obvious technical problems.

Indeed, PowerGen is now negotiating to pay a substantial settlement for damages to nearby stockyards where imported Citroens, Yugos and Audis have all been redecorated in fetching black speckles.

PowerGen did not inform English Nature or the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds of the problem, even though the internationally protected Pegwell Bay bird reserve is in the fall out zone of the Richborough chimneys.

Ever eager to please, Lord Gnome has now informed interested parties of the likely arrival of new, Kuwait-style black-speckled sea birds and a flurry of activity can now be expected from PowerGen's hyperactive whitewash — sorry, PR — department.

POLICE 5

LITTLE gratitude has been shown to Liverpool's Detective Chief Superintendent Jeff Rothwell, who was asked to investigate Greater Manchester Police's botched case against the businessman Kevin Taylor during the Stalker Affair (*Eyes passim*).

While Rothwell exonerated the Manchester force of any wrongdoing, his reward back on Merseyside has been somewhat underwhelming: a transfer to the Knacker's Yard — aka the police training school.

The effective demotion of Rothwell of course has nothing to do with the fact that he has never been seen to wear an apron or roll up his trouser legs — and nor is it connected with a purge of suspected sympathisers of Alison Halford (see last *Eye*).

Rothwell's replacement, Chief Superintendent Paul "Ballacher" Akers, is known and loved by Toxteth's black community. His evidence for the prosecution resulted in the acquittal of almost all defendants in a case arising from a killing at the Caribbean Carnival in Toxteth some five years ago. His new appointment should be vigorously welcomed in the area.

ITV

Independent Television News

(ITV)

IT WAS LUCKY for ITN that the most moving news story in years — the release, after half a decade in a Beirut dungeon, of John McCarthy — was moving in the emotional rather than the geographical sense.

Desperately short of cash, and forced by poverty recently to divest itself of a vast number of staff, the company ideally needs big stories to happen within Zones 1 and 2 of the London Underground system. These days at ITN, an international reporter is the one who is permitted a bus pass.

On the day of McCarthy's release, ITN was caught short in Damascus early on but Brent Sadler improvised pluckily on a telephone from Beirut. After that, the main locations were St Bride's in Fleet Street, walking distance from ITN's Grays Inn Road HQ, and the offices of Worldwide Television News, McCarthy's steadfast employers.

Not only was ITN, by chance, a shareholder in WTN, but the building was filled with the necessary equipment, just in case the ITN budget or stocks ran out during the shoot. Even the climactic location — RAF Lyneham — was not a budget-buster and, anyway, airports at night provide a lot of lighting free of charge.

When ITN made its staff-cuts and budget-readjustments, the senior management muttered unattributably to any media reporter who would listen that, obviously, the job losses were all very sad, but it was unlikely to show up on the screen: it was a case of a lean team for lean times rather than of thin bulletins.

Well, a few weeks into the belt-tightening, some viewers may disagree. The choicest piece of cheapness was a recent Sunday night bulletin, which included the usual report from Michael Brunson about the day's sparring between the parties at Westminster. Brunson signed off his piece standing in front of an impressive lighted edifice rather than the usual over-the-shoulder view of the Houses of Parliament. The viewer wondered where Brunson was. The DHSS (the report had mentioned health)? The DTI (the report had mentioned uranium sales to Iraq)? No. Brunson revealed all: "Michael Brunson, News at Ten, outside ITN headquarters." The accountants must have been smiling. An 80 pence tube fare from Gray's Inn Road to Westminster had been saved.

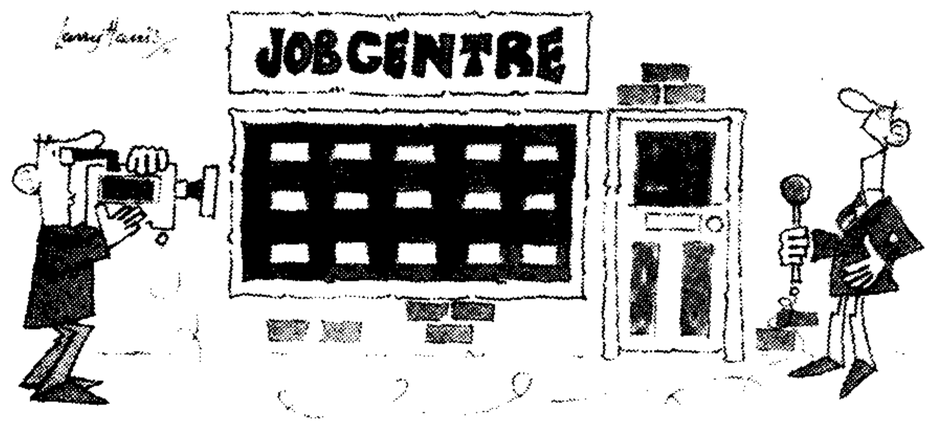
It is also clear that the trembling executives have become obsessed with the idea, which afflicts all beleaguered corporations, of product recognition. The bulletins on the day of John McCarthy's release were infested with such brandname egotism: "Jill Morrell, talking exclusively to ITN... Jill was being interviewed by ITN when she saw the first pictures... Sunny Mann told ITN last night..." But the Oscar for this kind of thing went to: "ITN's Brent Sadler reports for ITN from Beirut..."

More generally, the ITN coverage of McCarthy's release showed the inevitable effects of smaller staff and diminishing morale. *News At Ten*, with Trevor MacDonald at RAF Lyneham and Julia Somerville in the studio, was the now-standard combination of grumpiness, muddle and bad luck. The last ingredient befell ITN's decision to capitalise on the fact that the freed hostage was due to land during *News At Ten* by positioning MacDonald beside the runway. Well, wouldn't you know, the plane landed during the commercial break and then took so long to taxi round to the reception area that MacDonald was reduced to a comically shallow commentary: "It's turning round... a lovely slow circle... an arc, really, not a circle... just hear that lovely noise." (BBC *Newsnight*, which was also on air awaiting the plane's arrival, sensibly filled in with background films and discussion.)

The coverage was also a technical mess, perhaps further evidence that ITN's coverage of the released journalist was affected by the journalists it had itself released. At one point, MacDonald, trying to introduce a clip of film, surreally handed over to a videotape image of himself. Later, he had to interrupt his interviewee, Brian Keenan, and physically pull him into shot, the cameraman apparently unable or uninstructed to produce the necessary wider angle. There was also a difficult moment when Tony Hall, a reporter who seemed to think that ITN's salvation lay in tabloid tactics, matily inquired of the RAF station officer whether John McCarthy might have had "a drop of the hard stuff" on his flight home. "I have no idea," replied the officer, frostily.

Add to that the tangible hostility between MacDonald and Somerville, chief contenders for Sir Alastair Burnet's vacated seat, and you had a classic example of recession television. In future, those seeking publicity or coverage from ITN are strongly advised to operate within a five-mile radius of ITN HQ.

'Square Eyes'



"James Harris... ex-News at Ten... at the..."

MEDIA NEWS

MANY OF those involved in the Stalker affair have begun to reappear on television in Northern Ireland, in particular the former RUC chief constable Sir John Hermon, who has been developing a useful retirement hobby as a political pundit.

Sir John's newfound interest in the media does not, however, extend to drama documentaries. His lawyers are still engaged in litigation with Yorkshire Television over last year's production *Shoot to Kill*, the play that used Stalker's stolid deputy John Thorburn as a consultant and was blacked out by Ulster Television when it was screened on the ITV network.

Now an attempt by the Irish Republic's RTE to transmit the play this weekend has been stymied, ironically by the programme maker. Fearing yet more litigation, Yorkshire has revoked RTE's licence to broadcast the film, which looks increasingly unlikely ever to appear on Irish screens.

RTE executives are furious at the decision, taken without consultation and only a week before transmission. Their anger is thought to be nothing compared to that of those who made the programme, as opposed to the executives who withdrew its screening rights.

ANDREW "Brillo Pad" Neill has never been afraid to advertise his talents to a wider audience.

Recently, his whining tones have become well-known to listeners of the capital's LBC Radio, where he has again been standing in for Angela Rippon and presenting the breakfast show.

At 6.10am on 24 July, he revealed a little-known talent to astonished listeners. Traffic reporter Mark Phillips — whose unfortunate task it is to sit next to "Brillo Pad" during his three-hour broadcast — gave a mocking account of Neill's bizarre habit of launching into a frenzied table-top drumming routine every time he hears his theme tune played.

"Brillo Pad" was most put out and indignantly declared that he "used to be a drummer... in a proper rock band."

FACT: Neill was drummer in a rock band called The Kyst. The usual tenner for further information, photographs etc.

WHILE viewers may lament the fact that STV secured its franchise unopposed, some people are very happy.

One such is Gus MacDonald, former Trot and shipyard worker, who rose through the ranks to become the station's boss. The grateful board has presented him with a year's salary — believed to be not unadjacent to £120,000 — and generous share options. But then nothing is too good for the workers.

CORPORATION STREET W.1
An everyday Story of Broadcasting Folk
WHERE ELSE COULD THEY FIND ANOTHER SCOTSMAN...
GOODBYE SIR ALASTAIR!
"ONE OF US MUST GET HIS JOB AS NO.1...
From your fellow ITN newsreaders
WHO WILL BOW & SCRAPE TO THE ROYALS?..
BAR
OH"
"Trebles & Big Yawns all round!"
NEWSREADER CONTRACT
BILLY CONNOLLY
BEARD FOR APPEARING IN ADS BOX
Ken Pyne

I-BSkyB

LUCIANO PAVAROTTI sang in London for free last night to thank Britain for supporting his great career.

It is us who should thank him.

For the tens of thousands in Hyde Park — and the BSkyB audience enjoying the great show live — Pavarotti provided memories to last a lifetime.

Sun leader

CONTRIBUTOR: Sinclair Robieson.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

SNOB UPDATE

ANDREW "Brillo Pad" Neill, editor of the *Sunday Times*, is hugely pleased with his paper's recent "exposé" of the "Snobbocracy", which he co-wrote with Robin "Moron" Morgan.

But it is hard to see why. All the old grumbles were exhumed: the press is run by a mafia of "absolute snobs" who lunch at the Garrick Club and sneer at "meritocrats who refuse to join the club and conform to its mores" — Andrew Neill, in other words. This man has a big enough chip on his shoulder to fuel a large barbecue.

His latest whinge was also splendidly dishonest. Neill revealed where each of his targets went to school (Harrow, Stowe, Wellington, Eton) as if this were conclusive proof of their similarity to Lord Snooty and his pals; but he didn't mention that the person who has worked as his own right-hand man for the past eight years is a very pukka Old Harrovian, James Adams.

Nor did he note that the restaurant critic whose review appeared on the very same page, Craig Brown was educated at Eton, as was the paper's arts correspondent, Geordie Greig.

Nor did he admit that one of the snobs he "outed", Henry Streep-Porter, was once employed by Brillo Pad himself at the *Sunday Times*. (All Porter's other jobs on national newspapers were listed.)

Nor did he sense the irony in printing his philippic in the "Style" (sic) section, which is usually full of gushing articles about brainless aristos and their antics. (Last Sunday, the week after the outburst, Style carried one long puff-piece about upper-class Scottish dancers and another about that great beer and skittles institution, Cowes Week.)

Nor, most surprisingly, were *Sunset Times* readers informed that the selfsame Andrew Neill bought the magazine and mailing-list of the Country Gentlemen's Association earlier this year. "We've made it more up-market, more coffee-table," his business partner, the former Tory MP Gerry Malone, proudly announced a few weeks ago.

And wasn't it Andrew Neill who last month sponsored a Verdi concert at the Albert Hall to celebrate the 30th birthday of the oh-so-meritocratic Princess of Wales?

PS: While Brillo Pad may be able to dish it out, he certainly can't take it. Last week a guest columnist in the London *Evening Standard*, Old Harrovian Francis Wheen, wrote a short item ridiculing Neill's "Snobbocracy" extravaganza. When Neill heard it was to appear, he rang his dear friend Genevieve Cooper, acting editor of the pisspoor *Standard*, and desperately begged her not to print it. Cooper obediently complied.

PENSION NEWS

CAP'N BOB has been up to his old trick of exploiting employees' pension funds (see *Eye* 670) — this time in the United States.

Maxwell bought the publishing company Macmillan Inc in 1988 and subsequently appointed a little-known and newly-formed investment management company, London & Bishopsgate International (LBI), to handle the Macmillan pension fund.

LBI invests money in hedge funds and charges a management fee that is 0.25 per cent above that of similar schemes, such as the Citibank Fixed Income Fund and the Fidelity Magellan Fund which previously handled Macmillan pension money.

The American magazine *SPY* has revealed that since the Macmillan pension fund switched its allegiance from these established funds to LBI, the Citibank fund has grown by 21 per cent and the Fidelity fund by 35 per cent, while LBI's two fund options have in one case grown by 17.5 per cent and in the other decreased by 4.4 per cent.

FACT: LBI can invest pension fund monies in whatever it wants. Its trading arm is 75 per cent owned by someone called Robert Maxwell.

Back in Britain, the Cap'n has also enjoyed gambling with other people's money. In *Eye* 670 we documented the disquiet of subscribers to the pension fund of Thomson Withy Grove, the Manchester-based contract printer Maxwell bought in December 1985. And last year the *Daily Mirror*'s NUJ chapel obtained a solicitor's opinion that the *Daily Mirror* pensions office had misinterpreted the rules regarding the calculation of benefits in respect of journalists who were classified as managerial employees.

Miss Pat Smyllie, a *Mirror* feature writer who was the first to spot the miscalculation, was soon forced into early retirement. More recently, the trustees of the Mirror Group Pension Fund threatened to sue the Mirror Group over Cap'n Bob's withholding of employer contributions and his decision to make the fund buy stock in his public company, MCC.

HACK WATCH No 6: Peter Mandelson

PETER MANDELSON is the Labour Party's answer to Bernard Ingham. Each is regarded by his opponents as an evil genius in the dubious art of political spin-doctoring.

Coincidentally, both have recently been signed up to write weekly newspaper columns. In the last *Eye* we studied the output of "Barmy Bernie" in the *Daily Express*. Now, by way of balance, we turn to Mandelson's "People in Power" column in the *People*.

The failings are curiously similar. Ingham's only claims to fame are that he worked for — and worships — Mrs Thatcher, and that he hails from Yorkshire. Mandelson's two points of interest are that he worked for — and worships — the grim new Kinnockite Labour Party, and that he is the prospective Labour candidate for Hartlepool.

(Well, he's also gay, but even in the era of "outing" there are certain topics that a parliamentary candidate can't mention in public.)

16 June 1991: Praising the TV drama *GBH*, he reminds us "how Militant leader Derek Hatton... and his cronies were taken on and expelled by Labour leader Neil Kinnock".

Constituency news: "Extraordinary efforts are being made by Tory Central Office bigwigs to stop me becoming MP for Hartlepool."

23 June: Under the exciting headline "New Labour Sticks to Old Values", he praises Kinnock for making the party "more electable than at any time since the Tories come to power". He also congratulates Labour frontbenchers Margaret Beckett and Tony Blair on their compassion and intelligence.

Constituency news: "I was amazed to hear that Prince Charles was inquiring about me the other weekend." If Charles really wants to know how Mandelson is faring, "he could come to my would-be constituency of Hartlepool and find out direct. There would always be a warm welcome."

30 June: Noting the Tories' disarray over Europe, Mandelson argues "there's no better time for Neil Kinnock to pick up the challenge and spell out [Labour's] vision — and nobody better to do so".

Constituency news: "I have news for the patronising Mr Lamont from clubs in my would-be constituency of Hartlepool..."

7 July: Time to flatter another shadow minister. Gerald Kaufman is campaigning to have his favourite ice-cream available at the Commons. "With so much going wrong in the world," Mandelson sighs, "thank goodness someone hasn't lost sight of the nice things in life."

Constituency news: "This column was advertised in the *Hartlepool Mail*, my local paper, last Saturday..."

14 July: Boldly criticises the Prime Minister. "If Mr Major isn't up to handling PM's questions on his own, he should make way for someone who is." (Neil Kinnock, to name names.)

Mandelson also praises Kinnock's deputy, Roy Hattersley, and "Labour's excellent new campaign director", David Hill.

Constituency news: "I'm glad I'm not the Liberal candidate in my would-be Hartlepool constituency."

21 July: Criticises Norma Major and other G7 wives. "Their time, last Monday at least, would have been better spent at the fund-raising evening organised by Glenys Kinnock..."

Constituency news: "As you sit comfortably reading this column, I will be participating in the annual barrel-push around my would-be Hartlepool constituency."

28 July: More praise for the Labour leader. "Neil Kinnock was right to use the last Parliamentary Question Time to go for the Prime Minister's jugular... When [Major] slumped back into his seat, trembling and gasping for air after Mr Kinnock's attack..."

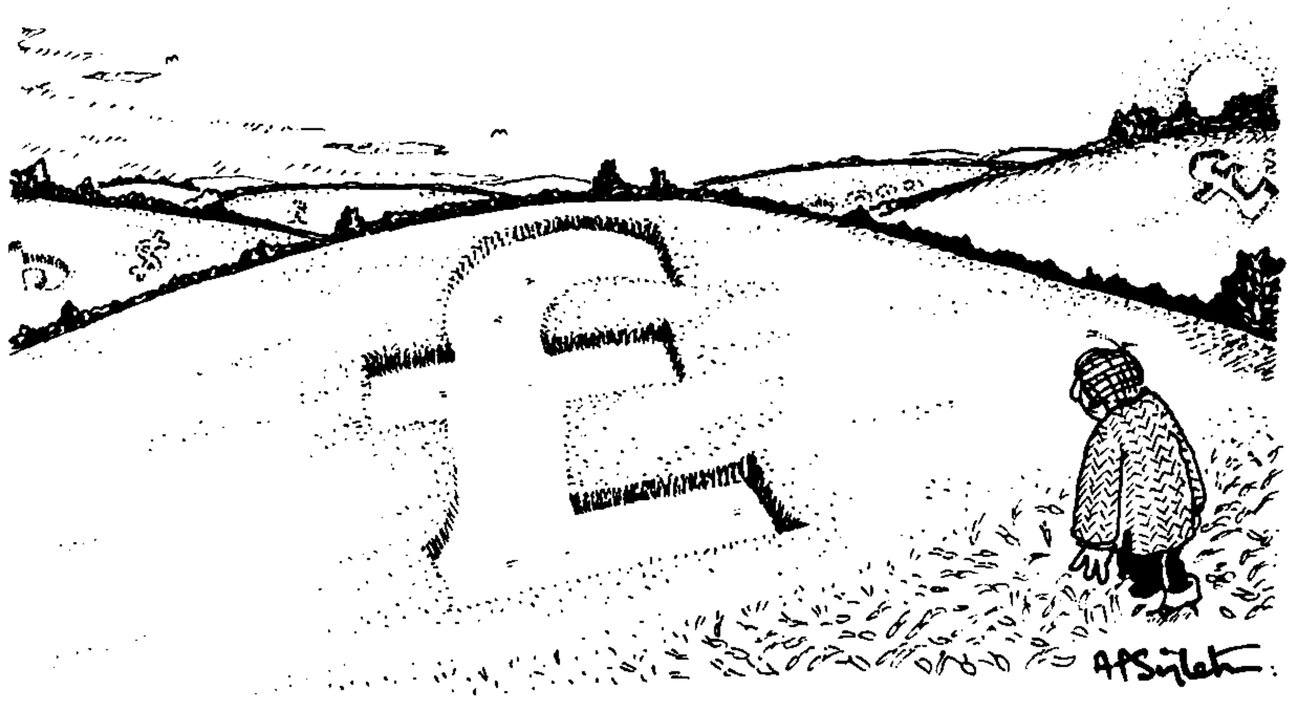
Constituency news: Discussing politicians' holiday plans, reveals that "as for me, I'll be soaking up the August sun in Hartlepool".

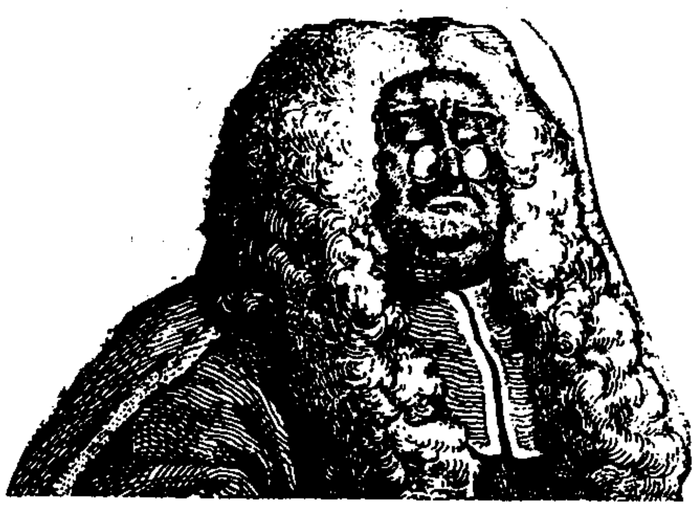
4 August: Just for a change, praises the leader of the Labour Party. "If proof were needed about whether Neil Kinnock or John Major would make the better Premier, it was supplied at last Tuesday's Pavarotti concert in Hyde Park. Mr Kinnock braved the storm, as I did, without so much as a hat, a coat or a brolly. John Major had towels round his neck, polythene down his front and Princess Diana covering his legs with plastic sheeting."

Constituency news: Mandelson reveals that the Conservative Party is "sending extra troops to Hartlepool, where I'm standing for Labour at the next general election".

And, er, that's it. But it would be wrong to suggest that Mandelson uses his column only to promote Labour and sell himself to the voters of Hartlepool. Once, on 7 July, he explored uncharted territory by praising new BBC director-general John Birt ("Tough Guy Birt is Good For Beeb").

Strangely, however, he forgot to mention that Birt is another of his former employers: before being hired by Kinnock, Mandelson worked for Birt's unwatchable *Weekend World*.





IN THE COURTS

IN THE august judicial circles in which he moves, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Lane, has let it be known he will not be seeing out his full term of office (it ends in July 1993) but will take early retirement towards the end of this year.

Lord Lane has been anxious to avoid any impression of being pushed by public criticism of his role in the Birmingham Six affair. But now the big question is who will succeed him.

If Labour were to win an autumn election, Sir Nicolas Browne-Wilkinson, Vice-Chancellor and head of the Chancery Division of the High Court, would be a strong candidate. Increasingly well-known for his anti-establishment views, it was Browne-Wilkinson whose legal decision finally prevented the Government from suppressing *Spycatcher*, and it was he who chose a judge who knew about the City for the Guinness trial.

Browne-Wilkinson was also responsible for the recent decision in the BCCI case which has so infuriated the Bank of England. His personality is about as different from Lord Lane's as it is possible to imagine, though he is not particularly progressive on legal reform as a whole, and has no strong views on the need to change society. He should suit Labour admirably.

Court Circular

AFTER Princess Di and the Queen Mother honoured disgraced ex-con Gerald Ronson with their blessing, how appropriate that the Crown Estates should go into partnership to develop offices in St Albans with Heron International, the company owned by Ronson and his "charities" (see *Eyes passim*).

But one does not expect narrow mindedness from the Crown Estates Commissioners: during official sanctions against South Africa they worked happily with an 80 percent South African-owned company to build shops and offices on the site of Kensington Barracks.

In view of the royal family's straitened circumstances, however, Brenda and Co must be relieved that the commissioners do not look after the Privy Purse. In Worcester, Crown Estates teamed up with a highly geared developer to build a shopping centre. Ford Sellar Morris then went into liquidation leaving the commissioners to make what is anticipated to be "substantial provisions" in the accounts.

BANKING NEWS

IT MAY BE an old cliché, but "trouble in paradise" aptly describes the climate in Guernsey where the Bank of Credit and Commerce International's recent collapse has caused deep ructions.

For something like 20 years Guernsey has reaped big benefits from a thriving "finance industry" while somehow avoiding direct involvement in the multitude of City scandals. But for how much longer?

The Guernsey "government", known as "The States", is a hybrid administration responsible for infrastructure and areas such as social services, building control, street cleaning and education. With the exception of gas supplies, the island's public utilities are owned by the States and managed through committees appointed by and comprising of States' members.

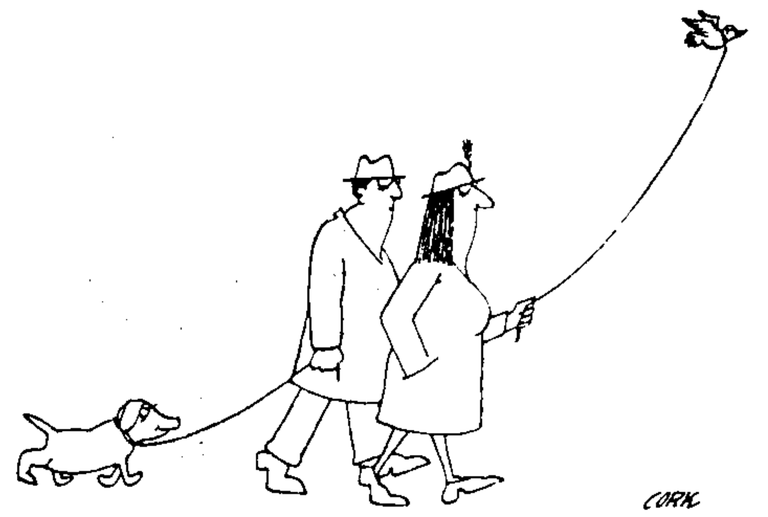
Though awash with other people's cash and host to more than 50 banks and other financial institutions, the civil servants responsible for running the electricity generating system decided for some reason to place £5 million of taxpayers' money overseas with BCCI.

The public outcry that followed the loss of these funds was fairly predictable, with calls for immediate privatisation of the utilities and mass resignations. To date there has been no clear move in either direction, but the politicians have not been silent.

Counseiller Laurie Morgan was quoted as suggesting that "speaking as a banker" he would not have put his own money into such a second rate outfit as BCCI. Puzzled Guernsey folk were heard to speculate as to exactly where he *would* place his nest-egg, given that his "banker" credentials are as managing director of Ansbacher (C.I.) Ltd, wholly-owned subsidiary of Henry Ansbacher Holdings of London, an institution that recently wrote off seven figures of shareholders' profits subsequent to its liaisons with Roger Levitt, as well as parting company with the ennobled Patrick Spens following his association with the Guinness scandal.

As if this weren't bad enough, Mr Morgan is also a leading member of the Advisory and Finance Committee, overseers of States expenditure and far and away the most influential of all committees. It was only via the persistence of some of the more diligent States members that a rather shabby vote-rigging scam within A&F was properly exposed last month, leading to the resignation of its members en masse. Not surprisingly, all (with one exception) were reelected and things are free to continue as before.

And while the electricity mess looks set to run and run, the decline in Guernsey's subsistence crop — money — goes on.

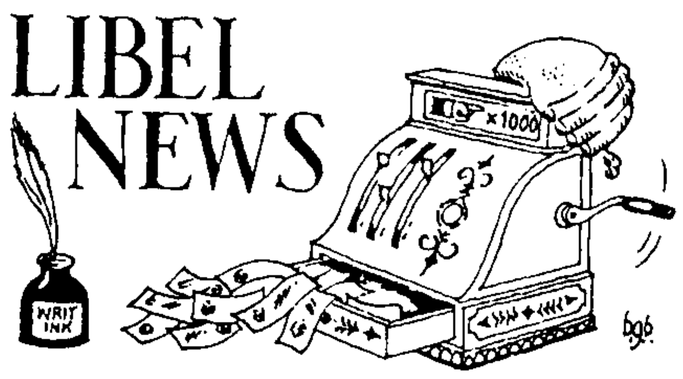


JUST FANCY THAT

It is undeniably true that BCCI did appear on a Bank of England list of authorised investments, but it is also undeniably true that BCCI has been featured in the national and international press for many months. Whether it be for fraud or laundering drug money, we wonder how many treasurers would have put their own money into BCCI. Readers of the satirical magazine *Private Eye* would have been warned about BCCI as far back as March 1990 and would have known about the Bank of England's impending action on 7 June. Of course this is not required reading for every treasurer and broker in the land, but it bucks the myth that the world lay in complete ignorance that all was not right at BCCI.

Municipal Journal

LIBEL NEWS



AFTER THE ludicrous libel action between Theresa Gorman MP and Tory businessman David Mudd, the *Eye* can reveal how much cheaper it would have been for Mudd simply to apologise for his spoof press release.

Gorman, who should never have pursued a claim over such footling criticism in the first place, was prepared to accept an apology and to meet her own legal costs. By forcing her to take him to court, Mudd not only cost himself close to half a million pounds, but he also raised the stakes in the libel game once again. His charming personality no doubt had an effect on the jury, who came up with the classic "bonkers" award of £150,000 to Gorman.

THE publisher Heinemann is limbering up to defend an unusual libel action.

Last year the firm published Pete Davies's *All Played Out*, a well-received "instant book" about the final stages of the 1990 World Cup. As well as covering the games, Davies wrote about the off-the-pitch antics of players, fans — and journalists.

One of Fleet Street's finest, whom he didn't name, was described as being constantly tired and emotional. This has so far provoked libel writs from no fewer than *three* separate tabloid hacks, each of whom claims indignantly that the character is unmistakeably based on him.

A CURIOUS trend is developing in the mad world of libel — that of disgruntled plaintiffs suing their solicitors for huge sums when they lose a packet in the courts.

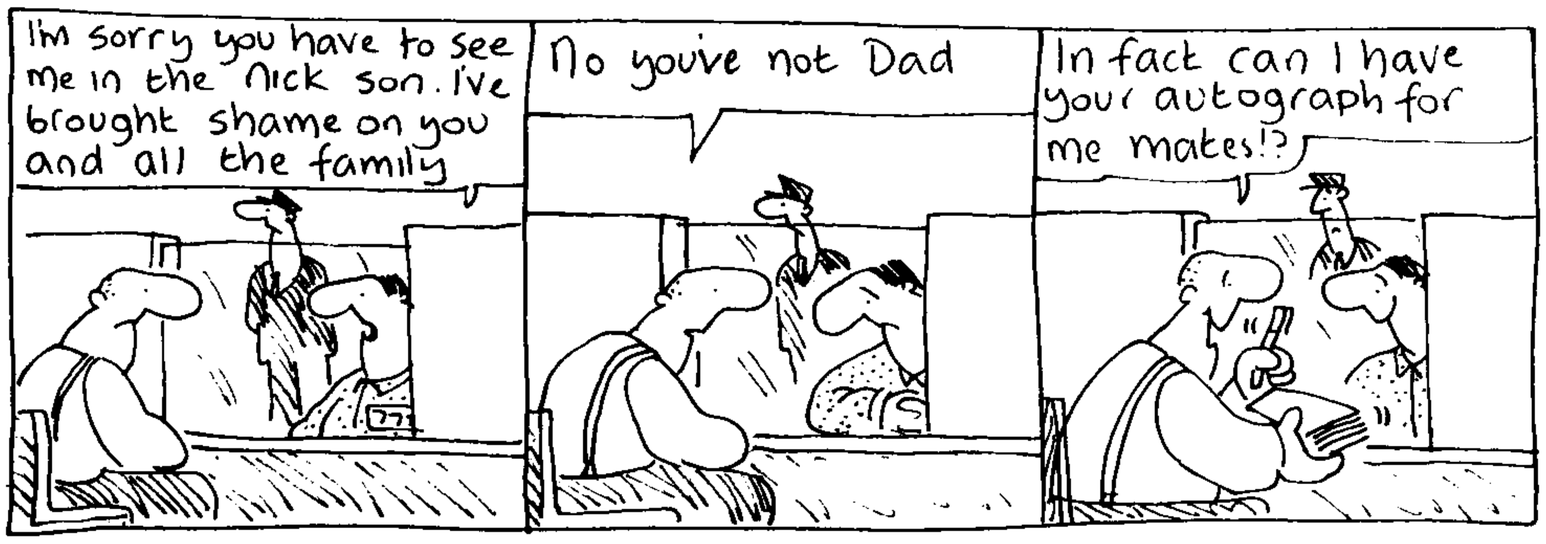
After Labour's man of the people Michael Meacher sued his solicitors for negligence after losing his shirt in a libel action against the *Observer*, it is now the turn of another comedian, Tom O'Connor.

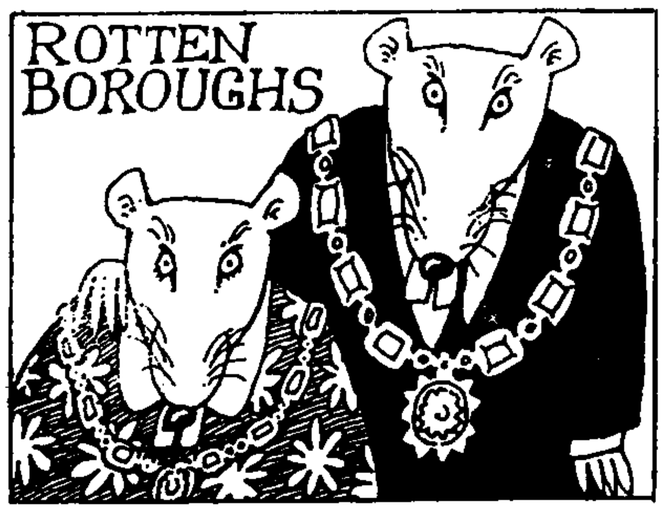
This devoutly catholic family man sued Mirror Group Newspapers over allegations that he had had commercially carnal relations with several young women and was expecting a seven-figure settlement. Instead he was left with six-figure bills when, for once, Cap'n Bob stuck to his guns in the face of wobbly witnesses.

O'Connor's side dropped the case and even lost the chance of a settlement of £50,000 that had been paid into court. It is now rumoured that O'Connor is suing his Liverpool solicitors for negligence, leaving them with large costs.

His lawyer for the libel case, Brian Gillbanks, of Bell Lamb and Joynson in Liverpool, refused to comment, as did O'Connor's current solicitor, Henri Brandman.

HUSBAND


I'm sorry you have to see me in the nick son. I've brought shame on you and all the family
No you've not Dad
In fact can I have your autograph for me mates!?



BRENT

PANDEMONIUM has broken out in loonier than ever Brent, home of Wembley Stadium, Ken Livingstone and Neasden, where a remarkable coalition of disaffected businessmen, true blues and black power fundamentalists now rules.

Brent's new unholy Tory regime is propped up by two zealous African nationalist councillors, Nkechi Amalu-Johnson and Poline Nyaga, both elected on a Labour ticket thanks to the party's desperation to court the burgeoning "multi-cultural" vote. And, just to confuse the issue, the Tories are led by the appropriately-monickered Bob Blackman, a white man.

Since becoming a councillor Amalu-Johnson has brazenly accentuated her roots with the dark continent, re-discovering her descendence from the Ibo tribe and sporting much gaily-coloured ethnic headgear which has made her almost unrecognisable to long-time associates who had known her from old as plain Beryl Johnson.

Before becoming a councillor Beryl Johnson had been a residential care worker in Brent; but she was suspended for two years in the mid-80s after being accused of verbally abusing colleagues and in May 1990, three months after finishing her council job, the by then renamed Amalu-Johnson was elected to Brent council for Labour. Yet last Christmas, after only six months on the council, Amazulu resigned the Labour whip shortly after penning the party a letter in which she wrote: "I have no intention of resigning."

Just before last May's annual general meeting of Brent council, after many months of simmering tension and inter-racial factional strife involving the African and Caribbean wings of the Brent Afro-Caribbean Labour caucus, Amazulu was joined by fellow councillor Poline Nyaga, a devout Kenyan, who had also pledged her everlasting socialist support and then turned her back on Labour to predictable cries of "Judas", especially from Liberal elements who until then had been expecting to hold the balance of power!

So evenly balanced is power in Brent that by defecting from Labour and lending support to the Tories Amazulu and Nyaga managed to hand over control of the council to the Conservatives for the first time in Rotten Borough history.

Nyaga later claimed that her Poline conversion was caused by a clash with West Indian activist Bertha Joseph in a town hall lav. Joseph, who was non-plussed that Nyaga had voted with the Tories in favour of disbanding the town hall's race relations unit and replacing it with a general equal opportunities section, allegedly gave Nyaga a bloody nose. Joseph, unsurprisingly, refutes the allegation.

Pivotal power, however, has gone to Amazulu's head. In an interview with a local paper she claimed: "I am a born politician. I am a genius." But now even Brent's Tories have winced at the demands made by their strangely undemocratic fellow-travellers:

- The Tories must drop plans to rid a Wembley housing office of the name of Winnie Mandela.
- Committee chairs must be found for the fulsome twosome. Nyaga has been given the development committee; Amazulu, housing — despite her son's £6,000-plus rent arrears.
- The racist term "Afro-Caribbean" must be abolished: "Remember your African roots, my darlings," entreats Amazulu from her office in Mahatma Gandhi House (sic).
- Town hall personnel must address Amazulu at all times as "Madame Chair". When Labour member Richard Harrod refused Amazulu asked for the police to be called in to eject him.

Surprisingly, council officials have put on ice efforts to chase Amazulu for the repayment of a £6,500 car loan made during her Brent social worker days. Meanwhile, determined efforts by Tory leader Blackman to run barmy Brent into a super-efficient Wandsworth-style flagship authority may yet founder on Amazulu's stunning public declaration of support for disgraced Ugandan tyrant Idi Amin, whom she claims she admires. "I do not care about Asian people being upset by what I say. Amin tried to rescue his own country just like Winnie Mandela and Margaret Thatcher."

KENT

MORE NEWS of the scandalous state of education in the Tory-controlled county of Kent, outlined in *Eye* 772.

Pleading a shortage of cash, the county council has cut back on virtually everything. Support for children with special needs — covering everything from reading problems and hyperactivity to the disabled and disturbed — has been pared to the bone. Schools needing these services have to buy them on the council's internal market but have no funds with which to do so (if the service is *really* necessary, schools may hold jumble sales to raise the required cash).

The child psychology and statementing services (they help children with educational, personal and social difficulties) are so chronically run down that schools have been told they can refer *one* child per term, for that is all that the county can afford. In the deprived areas of Dartford, Gillingham, Canterbury, Chatham, Margate, Ramsgate, Dover, Ashford and Shepway there can be anything up to 100 pupils per primary school, and 200 per secondary school, who require these services at any one time.

The county's school and college buildings require millions of pounds to be spent on them. Some are beyond repair, others regularly let in water. TVS reported in April 1991 that £600 million was required *as a capital programme* to restore the buildings and make good the equipment deficiencies. In general, maintenance is limited to emergencies — or when TVS or the local press publish pictures and schools are shamed into action.

This chaos is presided over by Roy Pryke, director of education (salary: £85,000 per annum), whose other achievements include the abolition of nursery education in the county and the introduction of fees to its schools. Increasingly it is the norm for parents of prospective pupils to be invited to make "a donation" — and the practice of demanding payments upon entry of between £50 and £100 is commonplace.

BROADLANDS

AN EPIDEMIC of subsidised freemasonry has broken out in the wind-swept flatlands of East Anglia.

The worst culprit is Broadlands council, which is allowing Wroxham masons generous discounts on their club's rate bill under an obscure by-law which allows local authorities to favour charitable, philanthropic, recreational and religious organisations.

Although the legislation makes no mention of how councils should treat ritualistic fancy-dress clubs for those wishing to pervert the public interest, Broadlands has to date saved its local lodge more than £4,000 in rate discounts to the astonishment of full chargepayers.

Last April Kings Lynn and West Norfolk council turned down a rebate application by the St Winnold masonic lodge at Downham Market. Borough treasurer David Tate astonished apron-wearing councillors by declaring: "St Winnold lodge no 3955 is not a registered charity and is not therefore eligible for mandatory relief."

Liberal Democrats on Broadlands took this as their cue and moved that the authority cease patronising the Wroxham club due to its "secret" membership list. The Libs' move caused much panic within Tory ranks with three councillors immediately declaring an "interest".

An end to mediaeval sorcery on the rates looked nigh until an abrupt eleventh-hour U-turn by Broadlands. A vote on withdrawing Wroxham's annual £2,300 rate relief (of which £579 comes from the poll tax and £1,740, astonishingly, from the Government) ended in a 16-16 tie. Although five councillors, including borough chairman Leslie Woolf, had been removed from the debate due to their membership, the masons won thanks to the vice-chairman's casting vote and protestations about the organisation's "charity" work from neutral members.

But the brotherhood's ascendancy isn't limited to Broadlands. When erstwhile Norfolk fire service chief Richard Coates took over in March 1989 he told his minions to get out of the service or get out of the masons. After 18 months in office Coates was forced to resign on "health grounds". Two weeks later he ran the London Marathon.

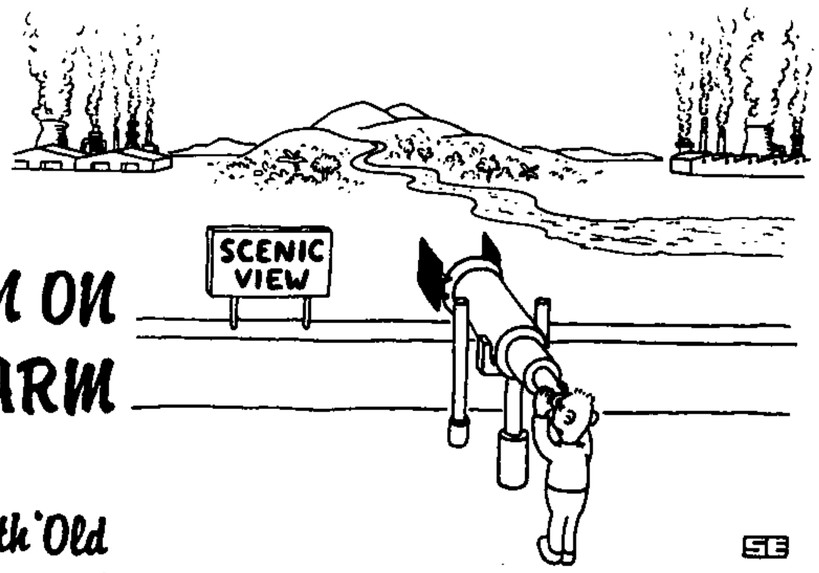
BELFAST

FOR BELFAST City Council to be found guilty by the high court of discriminating against Catholics by refusing to open a children's playground in the Whiterock area of West Belfast is unfortunate in itself. But it comes on top of two other judicial setbacks.

With the courts rejecting restrictions on councillors' speaking rights and overturning an illegal attempt to end funding for a women's centre on the Falls Road, the majority Unionist group on the council is facing an expensive few months.

These three court judgments alone will lead to the relevant councillors being surcharged by more than £20,000, the amount spent on legal costs awarded to the respective plaintiffs. Such surcharges are hardly rare in Ulster, where Unionist councillors have regularly found themselves fund raising to pay costs incurred in discrimination cases.

All this bodes ill for the next official audit of the council, currently in preparation, with non-Unionists quietly confident of a damning verdict.



DOWN ON THE FARM

with 'Old Muckspreader'

MILK Monopoly Board boss Bob Steven has told his troops: "You can't run an industry from the witness box of the high court." Yet that is exactly what his minions are doing in their frantic efforts to prop up the ramshackle Thames Ditton empire.

At the merest hint of entrepreneurial flair from the nation's dairy farmers, the Monopoly Board slaps down a writ faster than Old Muck can say *fromage frais*. By means of such bullying the board aims to continue for a few more months with its outrageous price rigging activities, currently costing consumers an illegal three pence on the doorstep pinta.

Of course even the milk moguls realise they can't get away with the swindle for that much longer. That's why they're enmeshed in talks with Subsidy Minister Gummer under conditions of secrecy that GCHQ Cheltenham can only marvel at. The plan is to turn the state monopoly into a private monopoly before Britain's milk tipplers and cheese nibblers notice what's going on. Unfortunately the wheeze looks set to be scuppered by the East Germans.

The milk sheiks have only managed to hold together their anti-social empire because of special EC laws allowing the UK monopoly to continue. Since then the Brussels bureaucrats have become heartily sick of the board and its blatant abuse of its powers. But whenever they threaten to wind it up, chairman Bob Steven dispatches a couple of heavies threatening a protracted duffing up in the European courts.

Now the East has provided the bureaucrats with a perfect excuse for ending the UK milk monopoly. East German dairy farmers are planning to set up their own monopoly using the legislation introduced solely for the Brits. Word is that if the plan goes ahead the EC agriculture ministers will vote to remove the legislation. That could leave milk boss Bob and his band of price fiddlers without even a silver top to cover their embarrassment.

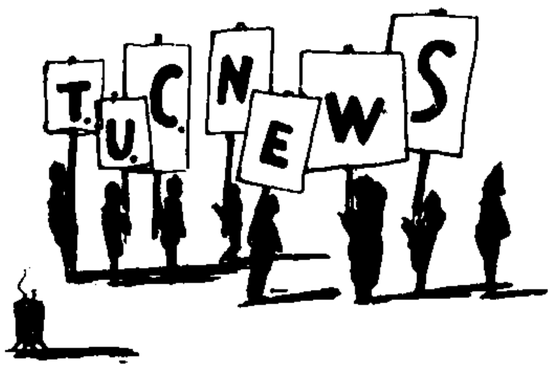
Meanwhile Minister Glummer's stout defence of the farming lobby — while feigning concern for consumer interest — is about to be sorely tested as the anti-competitive and illegal activities of the milk board come under attack again from EC lawyers.

Dead-Eye Delors and his chums are suing the UK for damages over the daily rip-off of consumers through the inflated price of the doorstep pinta. If Glummer truly cared for the consumer interest he would acknowledge the swindle and put a stop to it. But the word from Whitehall is that the Owl of the Remove means to bat again for the milk mafia.

Last time Brussels stepped in to end a price-rigging fiddle it cost UK taxpayers £5 million in fines. In the resulting supplementary estimate to the Commons, the Whitehall mandarins explained it away as an unfortunate error; but the current EC action against the MMB could cost taxpayers a great deal more.

Fearful for their careers when the dung hits the Treasury wall, the mandarins are now pressing Glummer to cloak the whole affair in ministerial double-speak. He could of course speak up at last for the long-forgotten consumer — but Old Muck fears he'll mount yet another defence of the antisocial MAFF-Milk Board axis.

Under the rules of the state-sponsored fiddle — officially known as the Milk Marketing Scheme — the Government is allowed to put up three of its own chaps to join the udder-bashers on the Monopoly Board. So far it has been content to help prop up the empire of the cow-keepers. Now the Shadow Subsidy Minister David Clark says he'll replace the Whitehall stooges with consumer representatives. In the interest of fair play Old Muck would recommend a certain retired housewife from Dulwich for the job.



BILL MORRIS, general secretary-elect of the Transport and Ballot Riggers' Union, is shaping up as the perfect successor to Ron Todd.

First item on his agenda was to knife national officer Jack Dromey in the back within weeks of his election to the £44,000 a year post. The naive Dromey, husband of Kinnock ally Harriet Harpman and of Grunwick fame, had acted as Morris's campaign manager during the election and assumed, not unnaturally, that Morris and the left would back him for deputy general secretary once Morris was elevated to Todd's chair.

Not so. Morris realised his real debt was to the TGWU's lunatic left which had worked gallantly to secure his victory over the right-winger George Wright. Morris promptly backed Jack Adams, a member of the Communist Party whose sole claim to fame is that he succeeded Derek "Red Robbo" Robinson as the Midlands car workers' leader.

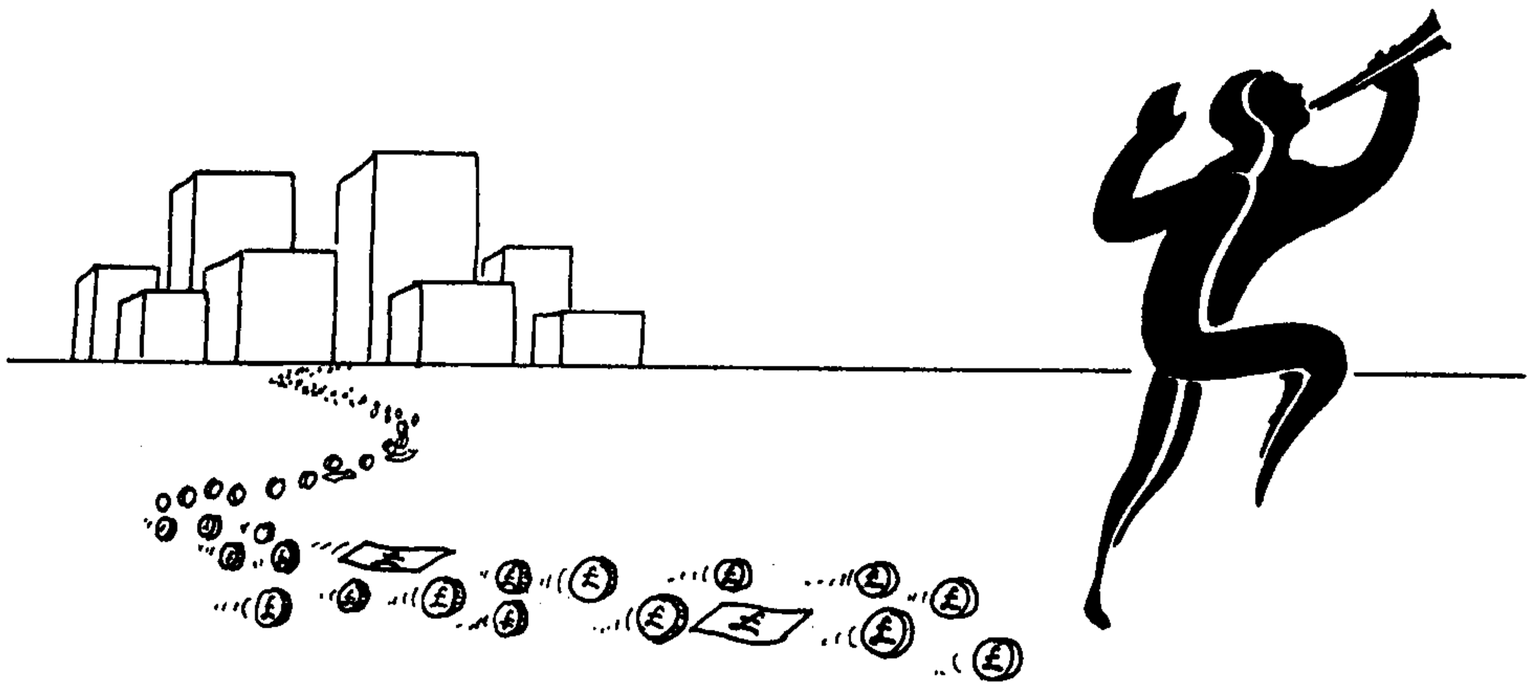
Dromey could not relish the ignominy of losing to Adams, who is totally untouched by personal charisma, and withdrew his candidature within a week of Adams's decision to run. This did not please Kinnochio, who saw Dromey as a future great leader of the TGWU and a man certain to rout the left if the TGWU ever returns to sanity. Within days of urging his fans to vote for Adams — and no doubt to pressure from La Harperson — Dromey changed his mind and threw his hat into the ring again.

The reason could be that he knows he will at least win the "number three" job, surprisingly vacated by Eddie Haigh, and could even get Haigh's place on Labour's national executive.

Haigh sensibly decided to quit once he had read in the *Financial Times* that Morris wanted to boot him off the Labour executive and replace him with a lunatic.

Senior national officer George Henderson, meanwhile, will oppose Adams and Dromey, an act of folly which can only help Adams secure the job and annoy Kinnochio even further.

'Blackleg'



Ad nauseam

Sir,

There's an advert for Concorde wine in which a barrister unexpectedly throws the prisoner in the dock a bottle of Concorde to prove, when on reflex he catches it, that he doesn't use the hand with which some crime or other has been committed. This courtroom device is also the linchpin of Robert Mulligan's 1962 film TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD, *starring Gregory Peck.*

Now test my reflexes and throw me a tenner.

ROSALIND KYLE,

Belfast.

Sir,

I have recently been struck by the new Levi's commercial in which a young man is released from prison to be met by a pouting lovely in a big car. The pouting lovely hands him his trousers and drives him into the sunset.

This is surely related to the same scene in WILD AT HEART, *though Nick Cage is reunited with a rather more interesting snakeskin jacket. Another bit of David Lynch plagiarism to go with British Gas (see Paul Oswald,* EYE 771).

Can I have ten pounds now?

Yours faithfully,
SUSANNAH GOODMAN,

Bristol.

PS: I am only a girl, after all.

Sir,

A recent ad for the Vauxhall Cavalier, in which the salesman's tie is caught in the door as the car is driven off, is a rip-off of a scene in John Boorman's HOPE AND GLORY, *right down to the small boy in the back seat who's the first to notice what's happening.*

Yours faithfully,
LEONARD S. KLAR,

Chelmsford, Essex.

Sir,

Have your readers noticed the extraordinary coincidence between the current Castlemaine XXXX ad (vanload of lager and wife teetering over the edge of a bridge) and the recent Pepsi-Cola advert (truckload of cola teetering over cliff) — the latter's coincidental similarity to the closing scene of THE ITALIAN JOB *being the subject of Christopher Glidewell's letter in* EYE 773.

Yours losing weight off the back,
ALAN DAVIS,

Newport, Gwent.

"There goes the captain"

DISASTER NEWS

TWO DECISIONS in a single week have put an end to what government law officers and the judiciary call the "nonsense" of making big companies criminally responsible for any of their actions which lead to the mass killing of innocent human beings.

Sir Allan Green, the Director of Public Prosecutions who showed some sympathy for the families of the victims of the P&O ferry at Zeebrugge in 1987 when he brought a prosecution against the company for manslaughter, has now, according to his colleagues in the Attorney-General's office, "seen the light".

First, he declares his determination not to prosecute Ready Mixed Concrete, the owners of the dredger Bowbelle which crashed into the pleasure craft Marchioness two years ago, killing 51. But the decision instead to prosecute an individual for what was obviously a corporate offence has backfired.

Twice the Bowbelle's captain, Douglas Henderson, has been prosecuted on minor offences — on both occasions the jury could not agree. A frustrated relative of one of the dead people on the Marchioness has threatened to prosecute RMC — but Sir Allan now insists that he must take the prosecution over, in order to drop it.

Ready Mixed, a generous donor to the Conservative Party with a former Tory minister, Sir Neil MacFarlane MP, on its board, is now free to send its dredgers ploughing up and down the packed Thames without proper lookouts or safety precautions, and without fear of any intervention from the law officers if anything goes wrong.

Similar sighs of relief can be heard from the boardrooms of the oil companies following the DPP's decision not to prosecute anyone for the fantastic negligence exposed so painstakingly in the report by Lord Cullen on the 1988 disaster on the oil rig Piper Alpha.

Cullen exposed a whole series of culprits (see *Eyes passim*), any one of whom could have been prosecuted, but each one of whom would also have cited the main oil company concerned — Occidental — as the organisation chiefly responsible. No doubt terrified by the experience of his prosecuting team in the Zeebrugge case, Sir Allan took the bold course... and decided to prosecute no one at all.

As though to applaud this decision on 5 August, a series of explosions rocked another oil rig — Shell's Fulmar Alpha — on 7 August. Three workers were taken to hospital suffering from burns and shock and two neighbouring rigs — Auk and Clyde — were shut down.

The blasts happened inside the accommodation module of Fulmar Alpha, only minutes after a gas alert which was caused by a series of events terrifyingly similar to those which set Piper Alpha ablaze. Shell put out a crass statement to the effect that it "could not conceive" of any link between the gas alert and the explosions — but everyone on the rigs knows that as oil becomes more and more difficult to get out of the sea, safety margins are becoming narrower and narrower.

The Commons energy select committee demands higher standards from the Health and Safety Executive (known in the trade as Hopeless and Soft Evaders); but nothing whatever will be done because the oil companies, like the dredger company in the Thames, now know that they are entirely safe from prosecution.

ORCADIAN NEWS

THE fall-out from the "satanic child abuse" fiasco in which Orkney youngsters were snatched from their beds in dawn raids by social workers earlier this year rumbles on.

Though everyone believes the charges laid were without foundation, the appeal court has reversed the decision to throw out the cases without hearing the evidence, saying this was a breach of natural justice, and has ordered them to be reheard by a new sheriff.

The children, meanwhile, are still on an "at risk" list and Mairhi Tricket, chairperson of the Orkney Islands Council's social services committee, still insists the evidence supports the accusations and complains that the council authorities should have been more supportive.

While the "devil-worshipping" equipment confiscated from the children and the Reverend Morris McKenzie, the clergyman alleged to have been at the centre of the rituals, has been returned (including the Ngaio Marsh novel, *Eye* 765), even this has not been without incident.

The Rev McKenzie was not pleased to be asked to sign for the return of "three masks, two hoods and one black cloak"; and after some discussion the inventory was changed to reflect the true nature of the items: three nativity masks, two academic hoods (one from his university and one from his days as a barrister); and one priest's robe (rather heavy, but necessary for ceremonies held outside during cold winters).

Similarly, one family was aggrieved to find that an aeroplane made by one of its children was returned as "one wooden cross" — but it should be remembered that these items were returned by people who considered Ninja Mutant Turtle masks as evidence of witchcraft.

Those members of the clergy who supported Rev McKenzie were visited in person by Ms Tricket-or-Treat. When the priest based at Holm, Peter Brown, told her he would continue to support a man whom he knew to be innocent she left him with the grim warning that he would "end up with egg on his face".

OIC officials have not been entirely unsupportive of their zealous social workers. When the solicitor to one of the accused families made the mistake of accepting an invitation to attend a council meeting, he was brusquely ejected by Ron Gilbert, OIC chief executive. Shortly afterwards the council evicted the solicitors acting for all the families from the office they occupied in Kirkwall. The office was urgently needed "for an exhibition which has been planned for some years but which we were unable to organise last year".

But OIC has other problems, too: it is embroiled in a police investigation over its dealings with a company called Northern Office Technology (NOT), which went bust a couple of months ago.

McKnacker discovered that an account sent to NOT by a London-based escort agency had, for some reason, been forwarded to OIC; and it is now clear that OIC has leased some 61 "new" photocopiers from NOT which, strangely for unused machines, were found to have around 800,000 copies on the clock and are constantly breaking down. OIC is committed to paying for them for another five years, at a sum not unadjacent to half a million pounds.

McKnacker visited OIC's offices, where director of administration, Rowan McCallum, revealed that his signature has been forged on key documents. No doubt all will be explained.

Having spent so much on office equipement that doesn't work — and on a short sea ferry crossing to the mainland which has yet to come into being — it is hardly surprising OIC is having to cut costs. This may explain why it is refusing to pay the legal costs incurred by Katherine Kemp, the recorder illegally and improperly suspended by the council last year.

That Mrs Kemp would not have incurred any costs if OIC had acted within the law is irrelevant: it has said that to pay her costs would set a precedent. While various dignitaries are trying to raise money to help Mrs Kemp, the OIC is not willing to do so. Should any OIC officials find themselves facing charges as a result of McKnacker's investigation into NOT, can they expect the same treatment?

Letters

Cross Keyes

Sir,

Although there have been items in PRIVATE EYE *with which I agreed and even applauded, I must point out that Slicker's statement about me in your issue of 19 July was neither fair nor accurate.*

As I have never written to any newspapet on the subject of BCCI, Slicker's statement that I was "very active in pressuring newspapers" on their behalf is incorrect.

Yours faithfully,
LORD KEYES OF
ZEEBRUGGE AND DOVER,

West Farleigh, Kent.

● *'Slicker' writes: The Observer is obviously not a newspaper and a letter to its proprietor clearly is not a letter.*

Week end

Sir,

Since even the EYE *occasionally gets things wrong, I would like to correct some of the points in your piece about the dispute with Jan Kavan.*

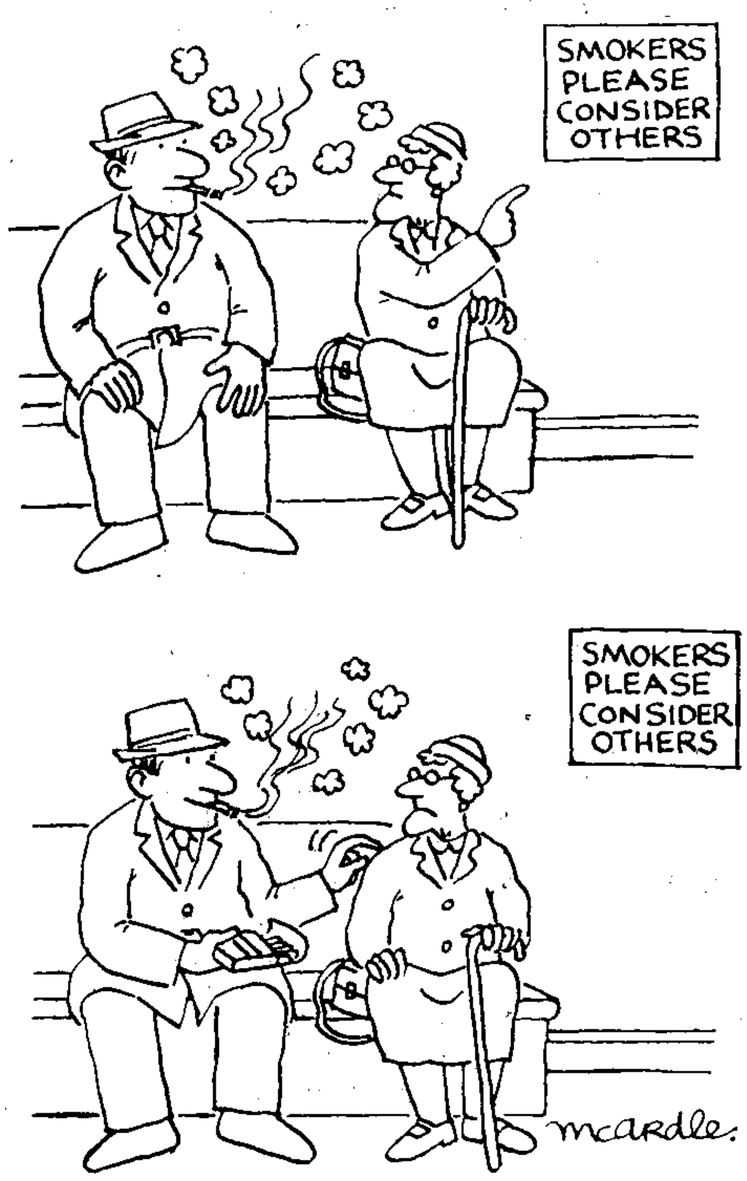
Thames Television has asked the ITC to bring to the attention of the Broadcasting Complaints Commission new material relating to the adverse adjudication about our programme, 'The Last Round-Up' (transmitted 25 June 1981). We are now in possession of a number of documents which strongly suggest that Mr Kavan misled the BCC about the main issue of the case.

Mr Kavan's registered collaboration with the communist secret police, the StB, in 1969 and 1970 is not the central part of our submission to the BCC, which is principally concerned with the facts of our programme. However, you are wrong to imply that 1969-1970 is the only period in Mr Kavan's career which has provoked concern in Prague. Evidence also exists of Mr Kavan's "contact" with the StB (to borrow your writer's phrase) in the 1980s.

Our submission contains no statements from any "old enemies" of Mr Kavan. You are also wrong to say that there is any disagreement between myself and my editor, Paul Woolwich, on this subject. The cost of establishing the facts has not come from Paul's budget and he has been generous with moral support throughout.

Yours sincerely,
JULIAN MANYON,

'This Week', Thames Television, London NW1.



Petty officers

Sir,

"Old Muckspreader" paints a vivid picture of the ebullient antics of a gang of environmental health officers in rampaging through the Royal Highland Show in search of wash hand basins and sandwich refrigeration units (Eye 773).

Surely we cannot be expected to believe, though, that environmental health officers would be so petty as to storm the rural ladies' cake stand looking for E numbers, ingredients lists and weight markings. Credit us with a bit of common sense. We all know this is the job of trading standards officers.

Yours faithfully,
STEVE HICKMAN,

Oxford.

Surplice to requirements

Sir,

Further to your article on A.N. Wilson: KINDLY LIGHT *does not deal with Anglicanism, but with Roman Catholicism; it is the rather lacklustre sequel to* UNGUARDED HOURS, *which is the funniest novel I have ever read, and depicts certain of the more eccentric luminaries of the Church of England.*

On one of the many occasions when he has given the Great British Public the benefit of his wisdom, Wilson asserted that to remarry after divorce was to deny the divinity of Jesus Christ. Now that he has apostatised, he is presumably no longer open to the charge of being a sanctimonious hypocrite.

Yours faithfully,
ANDREW SMALL,

Aylesbury, Bucks.

Out side

Sir,

*I note with concern that your organ has finally (*EYE *773) caught up with the latest Street of Shame craze — that of writing homophobic articles concerning the activity of "outing" prominent lesbians and gay men who keep their sexuality hidden. The press — with no doubt plenty more than skeletons in its closets — is outraged. Perhaps the* EYE *could show a little more of its customary insight into the sources of our supposed opinion leaders' disgust.*

Or is this unlikely from the journal that felt Nazi piano wire a basis for flip commentary? What next? "Witty" allusions to the pink triangles hundreds of thousands of gay men wore to their deaths in Hitler's camps?

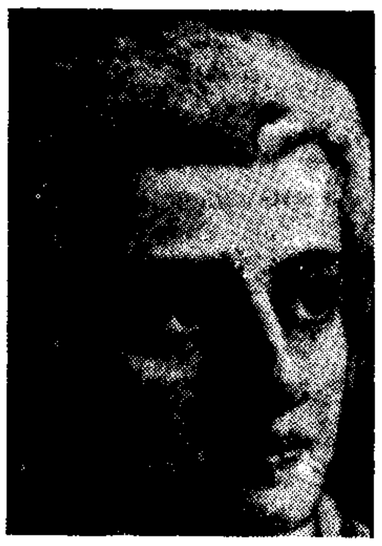
Yours "out by myself",
G.D. WILLIAMS,

University of Manchester.

"We were burgled last night"

Lookalike

Mozart



Diana

Sir,

Has anyone noticed the startling resemblance between Mozart and Princess Diana?

Are they by any chance related? I think Prince Charles should be told.

Yours sincerely,
ROY HEATON SMITH,

Manchester.

Ms Deedes

Sir,

*I'm glad not to need of the services of researchers. Sally Deedes reports one having difficulty in getting access to the "Electronic Yellow Pages" or getting on to Mercury (*EYE *722). If he [sic] had done a proper job, he would have found that, by using a modest computer modem, EYP can be accessed at local call rates and no quarterly charge. If he had talked to Mercury he would also have found that with the right phone, he can get on to their cheaper and itemised billing service from any exchange in the country — analogue or digital (although at 50p a throw, Mercury is more pricey than BT for directory inquiries).*

Maybe he couldn't find Mercury's number.

Yours faithfully,
TIM FROST,

High Wycombe, Bucks.

Unfair cop

Sir,

John Stalker

*Re Peter Taylor's statement (*EYE *772)*

"...Clearly your correspondent can never have seen the programme, as Colin Sampson was never 'on screen' in the BBC's PUBLIC EYE *— Stalker — The Final Chapter". Would Mr Taylor like to tell us then who was the man seen seated behind a desk with a pen in his hand while voice over stated "...Colin Sampson's investigation of John Stalker lasted 10 weeks. He concluded Stalker may have committed disciplinary offences partly through his incautious relationship with Kevin Taylor..." and again later in the programme, who was the man seen at a desk then walking across to a bookcase and opening one of its doors with VO stating "...To those who believe in conspiracy, further proof is deemed to be Colin Sampson's handling of the Northern Ireland inquiry. Hitherto he's been depicted as the pliant establishment tool brought in to do the whitewash". Was Colin Sampson invited to take part in the programme? Did he accept? I think we should be told, or does "on screen" have a special BBC/MI5 meaning or were there two versions of the programme being transmitted to different parts of the country (a variation of an old security/censorship ploy)?*

Yours too lengthily,
HARRY HILTON,

Borehamwood, Herts.

Hackles raised

Sir,

Sadly, you have got it wrong again. I have not applied for any job with the SUNDAY EXPRESS *and I am perfectly happy staying with a winning team.*

Yours faithfully,
COLIN MYLER,

Deputy Editor, Sunday Mirror, London EC1.

Sir,

THE PEOPLE *did not pay £4,000 for a picture of Derek Hatton because "his twitches and tics bore an uncanny resemblance to* GBH*'s villain" (*Eye *773).*

GBH *was first screened on Thursday 6 June, 1991.* THE PEOPLE*'s pictures of Hatton, taken by a staff photographer, appeared on Sunday 26 May, 1991. In these Mr Hatton was dressed as a rat.*

Yours faithfully,
BILL HAGERTY,

Editor, The People, London EC1.

Sir,

Having always respected PRIVATE EYE *for its honesty and accuracy, I was mortified to read that I had applied for a job "across the river at Express Newspapers" (*EYE *773), when the truth is I haven't.*

Given that SUNDAY EXPRESS *circulation has plummeted by a massive 400,000 since I quit 18 months ago; and the level of recent staff decimation; surely it would take more money than Lord Stevens has in his piggy bank to lure any right-minded journalist to cross said river?*

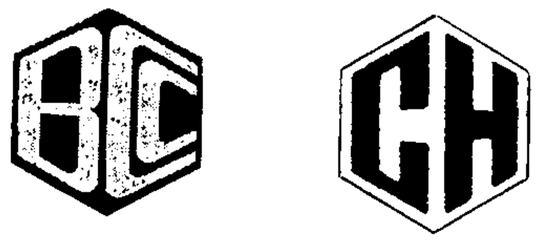
I am very happy with the SUNDAY MIRROR*'s new editor, thank you very much.*

Yours faithfully,
PAUL KERTON,

Deputy Editor, Sunday Mirror Magazine, London EC1.

PS: THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH*'s circulation has dropped by 200,000 since I left four years ago; please don't suggest I am applying for a job there.*

Well well



Sir,

I wonder if you and your readers have noticed the remarkable similarity between the logos of Bank of Credit and Commerce International and the Cromwell Hospital, famed for enthusiastic charging of its towel-headed patients.

I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
Name and address withheld.

Bankers

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the uncanny dissimilarity between these two statements.

"You can't go around qualifying the accounts of a bank without creating all sorts of problems, without the whole thing collapsing" — I. Brindle, senior partner, Price Waterhouse, FT *11.7.91).*

and: "The auditor should not refrain from qualifying his report... merely on the grounds that it may lead to the appointment of a receiver or liquidator" — auditing guideline, THE AUDITOR'S CONSIDERATIONS IN RESPECT OF GOING CONCERN, *para 32.*

These statements should be related. Why are they not? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
A. SNOREDITORE.

London N13.

I-SPY *Paris*

Submitted by Joe Clancy. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Showman

Sir,

Your TV critic correctly points out that James Randi is an entertainer rather than the scientific figure he pretends, but does not examine exactly how he acquired his undeserved "reputation for... rigour in pursuit of shamans". A true scientist (of which there are few, particularly in the scientific establishment) will examine all possible explanations for a phenomenon with an open mind, eliminating those which prove false until only the truth is left.

Randi, by contrast, is what John Michell calls an "explanationist", who seeks not so much to explain as to explain away. He is associated with an organisation which pretends to the scientific study of the paranormal, but in reality enters an investigation with the preconception that all apparent paranormal phenomena are the result of deception.

Having shown to his own satisfaction that a particular effect could be produced by trickery, Randi then leaps to the assumption that it must have been so produced. This is simply false logic. An equivalent would be to claim that since smoking can cause lung cancer, any case of lung cancer must be caused by smoking. The possibility of other causes, such as exposure to asbestos, is thereby neatly excluded, the credibility of genuine witnesses to unexplained phenomena traduced, and inconvenient facts which do not fit the hypothesis swept neatly under the carpet.

Yours faithfully,
ROD PARKES,

Mount Butler, Hong Kong.

Not worth a tenor

Sir,

I wonder if anybody has noticed the similarity between Pavarotti's recent magnanimous free concert and the re-release of 18 previously recorded pieces in the guise of ESSENTIAL PAVAROTTI II. *I wonder if by any chance they are related?*

Yours faithfully,
A.T. HADDLETON,

London N10.

Foiled

Sir,

Have any of your readers noticed the remarkable similarity between your recent piece mentioning Channel 4's £5m deposit with BCCI and Tariq Ali's programme on the bank (Media News, EYE *773, Friday 2 Aug), and articles in the* FINANCIAL TIMES *written by my colleague Ray Snoddy ("Channel 4 television confirms £5m loss",* FT, *19 July) and myself ("Tariq Ali offered £2m to halt TV programme",* FT, *20 July) two weeks earlier? Naughty, naughty.*

Touché,
ANDREW JACK,

Financial Times, London SE1.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"I am learning not to get too excited after one good round and to keep my head on the ground."
COLIN MONTGOMERY, Radio 4
(Mr D.I. Isherwood)

"I don't want to look further than as far as I can see."
FRANK BRUNO, LBC
(S. Preston)

Bruce Forsyth: *"Have you got any kids?"*
Contestant: *"A daughter of 4, and twins, David and Samantha, who are 1."*
Bruce Forsyth: *"Twins! How lovely. What are they — a boy and a girl?"*
BBC 1
(Mike Lupton)

"We have really opened a worm's nest..."
SIMON BATES, Radio 1
(Anon)

"We'll be heading for deepening heights of recession."
LIBERALS' ECONOMIC SPOKESMAN
(Gareth Hall)

"Scotland is obviously a very popular part of England."
BARRY FANTONI, LBC
(F. Wheen)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

YOU ARE ACCUSED OF WITCHCRAFT.
I AM HERE TO ESTABLISH YOUR GUILT OR INNOCENCE.
BEG PARDON, WAS THAT 'GUILTY' OR 'INNOCENT'?
RIBBIT.

Letter from

Ethiopia

from Our Own Correspondent

TRAGEDY is turning to farce in our war-torn country as dozens of tiny parties, resistance movements, pressure groups and exiles' mutual appreciation societies clamour to be heard while we face our worst famine since 1984/85.

Six seats have been reserved for late arrivals in our new provisional government, but only a tiny fraction of the splinter groups was invited to the July conference for Peaceful and Democratic Transition. The proceedings were sewn up in advance by the Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Democratic Front (EPRDF), an umbrella group dominated by the Tigray People's Liberation Front (TPLF — descended from the Tigrayan National Organisation, TNO) and the Oromo Liberation Front (OLF). Between them, they have the overall majority in the new assembly.

The OLF had hastily allied to the Oromo People's Liberation Front (OPLF), the Oromo Muslims' Liberation Front (OMLF) and the Abo Liberation Front (Oromo) (ALF), in time to present a unified "front" to the conference. While the EPRDF iteself consists of a plethora of small groups — the Ethiopian Peoples' Democratic Movement (EPDM), the Ethiopian Workers' Revolutionary Movement (EWRP), the Ethiopian Democratic Officers' Revolutionary Movement (EDORM — they became revolutionary and democratic after being captured, rather like the Free Soldiers' Movement [FSM], a peculiarly-named association of officers captured by the Eritrean People's Liberation Front [EPLF] in Eritrea), and the Marxist-Leninist League of Tigray (MLLT), the ideological wing of the Tigray People's Liberation Front (TPLF).

So far the loudest dissenting voice has been the Coalition of Ethiopian Democratic Forces (COEDF), which consists, *inter alia*, of the Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Party (EPRP) and the All-Ethiopia Socialist Movement (MEISON), another ex-Marxist-Leninist grouping, the losers in the blood-letting White and Red Terror of the 70s who sulked when the EPRDF took power in Addis Ababa on 28 May this year. COEDF's leader, Goshu Wolde, a former foreign minister, described the TPLF in 1989 as "blood-thirsty Stalinists" and a "Pol Pot-type gang".

The EPRP started out as the Ethiopian People's Revolutionary Movement (EPRM) in the 1960s, fighting Haile Selassie, but changed its name after the 1974 revolution which overthrew the King of Kings. It is continuing a war in the north-west, did not attend the peace conference and could become a thorn in the side of the new "provisional government".

While the war of acronyms continues, former members of Mengistu's party, the Workers' Party of Ethiopia (WPE), now have to sign in to the authorities once a week, ex-local committee members have to sign every day, and the rest are imprisoned without trial or charge, for the preservation of law and order by the pious signatories of the UN Declaration of Human Rights and the OAU definition of human rights.

The prize for factional division and bloodshed should go to the Eritrean groups. When the EPLF and the Eritrean Liberation Front (ELF) were fighting outside the capital, Asmara, a few years ago, the populace of the town had to march out to break them up.

The story in town, meanwhile, is that Tesfaye Woldeselassie, the former head of Mengistu's hydra-headed secret police, is making himself so useful to the new government that it is thinking of keeping him on, despite having abolished the Ministry of Internal Affairs, universally known as Security.

The icons of the various movements include a Kalashnikov rifle, and a head of grain, or a tree for the Oromos. The tragedy is that Tigray has been incapable of feeding itself for years, but it can defeat the huge Ethiopian Revolutionary Army.

International aid, however, has released all the parties from the urgent responsibility of feeding their own people in preference to buying arms. All that is left to feed the seven million hungry people in Ethiopia this year, other than western aid, is alphabet soup.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE'S

TRUE STORIES

DURING his interview, Mr J.B.T. Grahame, President of the Canadian Fish and Game Association, said:

"The growth of leisure time and the yearning to live a primitive life have encouraged our Committee to admit wheelchair and amputee hunters to our Association. However, when the Forestry Authority granted Mr Herman Biffert, who is blind, his second annual deer-hunting licence, we felt the time had come to draw the line."

Mr G.L. Tooting, Mr Biffert's solicitor, said: "We shall appeal to the Alberta Human Rights Commission. Mr Biffert goes hunting with a neighbour, Mrs Joan La Tour. She points the gun and he pulls the trigger. They have had a number of successful kills."

ANNOUNCING that the South Pacific Airline had completed their inquiry into a "door-opening incident" on a Fiji Air Charter flight, Captain Drasa Babulai said:

"No one denies that ten minutes after take-off the rear door of the 19-seat Otter opened, and that it remained open until we reached the next stop.

But the danger has been greatly exaggerated. Every pilot knows that such things are a regular occurrence. Perhaps the sight of the great blue ocean far below terrified the passengers. It is something you get used to."

Giving evidence to the inquiry, Mr Guru Dayal Naitasiri, a member of the Fiji Foot ball Referees Union, said: "I was sitting beside Mr Tailevu Ritova when the rear door just blew open. With great difficulty we managed to get it more or less back into place. But the only thing we had to tie it with was Mr Ritova's braces.

"One month later we were told that the incident could not have happened because there was no complaint. But we were too stunned to complain."

NOTTINGHAM Education Council have confirmed that in order to raise funds with which to buy textbooks and equipment for scientific experiments in local schools Father Michael Copps and Father Michael O'Kane, friars of the Franciscan Order, are touring the county with a trampoline show.

"The Fathers bound and bounce about. They always get a good crowd. Everyone loves them," said Dr Peter Hooker of Sherwood School, Anson.

Illuminated by Bert Kitchen

AFTER a week's silence, Mr Michael Arra, of the Department of Correction, Arizona, argued that his office was in dispute with the Department of Environmental Quality over the emission of cyanide gas from the death chamber after legal executions.

"We have not executed anyone in this State for 28 years. Since then it has become necessary to have a permit for noxious ventings. As the State does not permit alternative methods of execution, and since we have reintroduced capital punishment, we have a number of people waiting on Death Row until the permit comes through."

SPEAKING after the event, Mr Michael Hill, a member of the committee of Watford's District Darts League, said: "Our annual prizegiving ceremony came to nothing. It began as a very civil affair, but when it transpired that there were no cups to present because they were still with last year's winners, and that nobody knew exactly who last year's winners were — or, for that matter, who this year's winners were — tempers began to flare, and the Oddfellows' captain and the League's chairman almost came to blows.

"All the relevant information is in the possession of Mr Alan Wragg, the club secretary, but he did not turn up at the ceremony and we have issued a call to all concerned saying we should be pleased to know of his whereabouts."

A spokesman for the Oddfellows team said: "Mr Wragg failed to turn up last year, too. On that occasion we had to break into his house to get our cups back."

INFORMATION: National Enquirer 19.6.91; Nottingham Post 19.6.91; Fiji Times 22.5.91; New York Times 26.5.91; Watford Observer 7.6.91.

MONITORS: Donald M. McNicoll, Monica Foot, Anon, Gavin MacFayden, Peter Duncan.

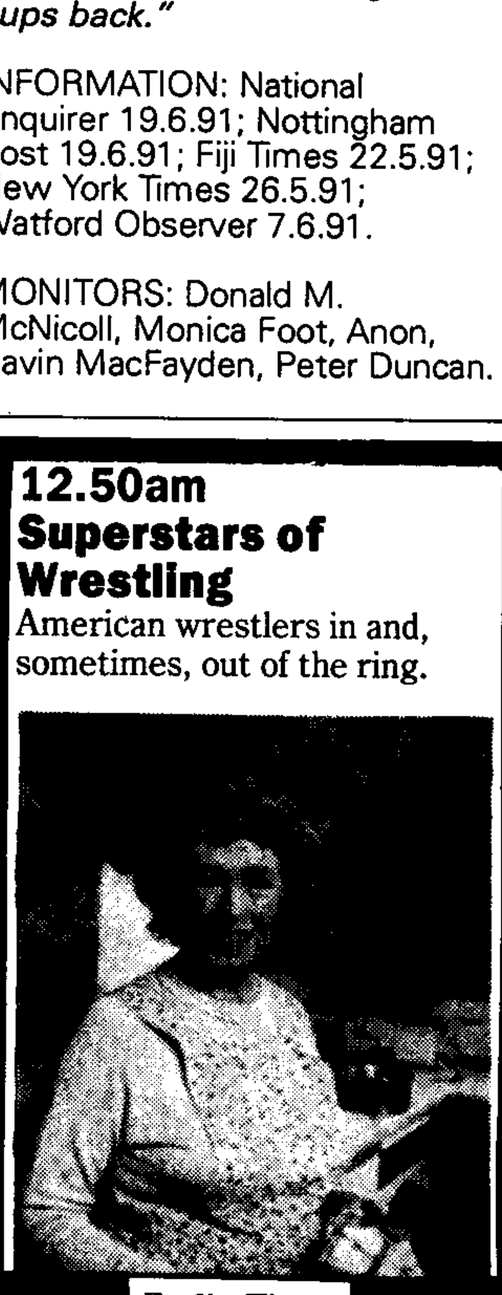
"We're not getting enough bums on seats, Quinlan!"

"Few people believe in the party any more"

Professor Fang Lizhi
China's leading dissident

Financial Times

12.50am
Superstars of Wrestling
American wrestlers in and, sometimes, out of the ring.



Radio Times

The five lost years of John McCarthy

by Our Fillinguploadsofthepaperwhileeveryoneisaway Staff

IT SEEMS incredible, but the shy figure who stepped smiling into his new freedom is entirely oblivious of the world-shattering events of the last five years.

He has missed:

- **The wedding of Sir Peregrine Worsthorne and his blushing bride Lady Lucinda Lamppost.**
- **Gazza's video of *Fog on the Tyne*.**
- **Michael Ignatieff appointed columnist on the *Observer*.**
- **The introduction of the new 5p piece by John Major.**
- **The film *Batman* starring Jerry Hall.**
- **The *Hello* special edition, featuring the Duke & Duchess of York's new home.**
- **The new British Telecom logo — it will mean nothing to John.**
- **The libel action between Count Nikolai Tolstoy and Lord Aldington.**
- **The launch and closure of the *Sunday Correspondent*.**
- **The marriage of Lucinda Lambchop and Sir Peregrine** *(You're fired. Ed)*

"Could we have done more? I'll get back to you in five years"

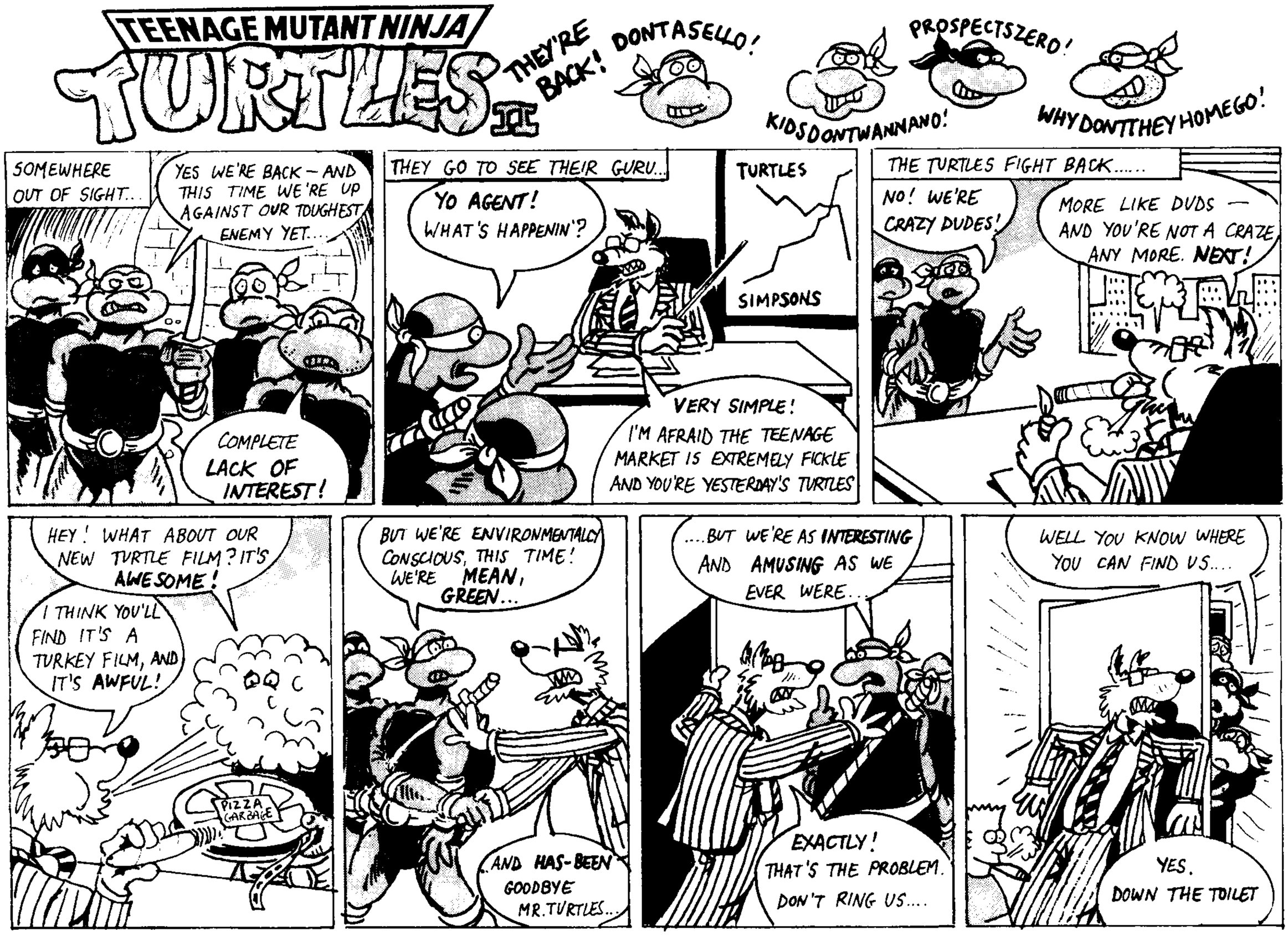
THE SUN SAYS

We Salute John McCarthy. A Hero For Our Times

His example has inspired the world. His courage, his fortitude and his good humour in adversity. It was a display of British spirit at its very best. It makes us all proud.

The *Sun* says:

When are you going to get your leg over, John?


TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES II
THEY'RE BACK!
DONTASELLO!
PROSPECTSZERO!
KIDSDONTWANNANO!
WHYDONTTHEYHOMEGO!
SOMEWHERE OUT OF SIGHT...
YES WE'RE BACK — AND THIS TIME WE'RE UP AGAINST OUR TOUGHEST ENEMY YET...
COMPLETE LACK OF INTEREST!
THEY GO TO SEE THEIR GURU...
YO AGENT! WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?
TURTLES
SIMPSONS
VERY SIMPLE! I'M AFRAID THE TEENAGE MARKET IS EXTREMELY FICKLE AND YOU'RE YESTERDAY'S TURTLES
THE TURTLES FIGHT BACK.....
NO! WE'RE CRAZY DUDES!
MORE LIKE DUDS — AND YOU'RE NOT A CRAZE ANY MORE. NEXT!
HEY! WHAT ABOUT OUR NEW TURTLE FILM? IT'S AWESOME!
I THINK YOU'LL FIND IT'S A TURKEY FILM, AND IT'S AWFUL!
PIZZA GARBAGE
BUT WE'RE ENVIRONMENTALLY CONSCIOUS, THIS TIME! WE'RE MEAN, GREEN...
..AND HAS-BEEN GOODBYE MR. TURTLES...
....BUT WE'RE AS INTERESTING AND AMUSING AS WE EVER WERE...
EXACTLY! THAT'S THE PROBLEM. DON'T RING US....
WELL YOU KNOW WHERE YOU CAN FIND US....
YES. DOWN THE TOILET

The Secret Holiday DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

Today my wife Norman and I went away on our holiday. Goodbye Number 10 Downing Street. Goodbye Mr Hurd. Goodbye Mr Waldegrave. "Shouldn't that be 'au revoir'?" asked my friend Chris. "Not in Mr Waldegrave's case," I replied.

We had decided to go to Spain as Norman says the sunshine there will do me good and perhaps I won't look so pale and ill. Also Spain is in the EC, which is very important because Mrs Thatcher used to go to Switzerland, which isn't! This shows yet again how different I am to my predecessor. Often she never took a holiday at all, because she said she didn't need it. But it didn't do her much good, did it, when after only eleven years she was forced to retire because of the strain? On the plane I started to read the new novel by my friend Jeffrey Archer. It is very long and is sure to last me the full two weeks! It is called Esau and Jacob, and judging by the cover it is very exciting! When we arrived at Alicante airport the William Davis Sunaway tour bus was two hours late. As I said to Norman, I hope they have a "Carta Citizeños" in Spain. She said "I think it is the third door on the right" but it was not, so I wasn't able to register my very considerable dissatisfaction with the travel arrangements.

Tuesday

At last we are in our villa, the Villa Granada. It is very nice indeed, with a swimming pool and two Spanish maids who come in every day to look after us. The only snag is that there is no hot water in the shower unit which is, in my judgement, in blatant contravention of the description given in the Sunaway brochure. As I said to one of our maids: "We really need a Carta Citizeños." "Si, si, Señor," she agreed, showing how quick she was to see the point of my charter idea, unlike certain of my colleagues who may find themselves having rather longer holidays with their toffee-nosed friends in Tuscany than they expected!

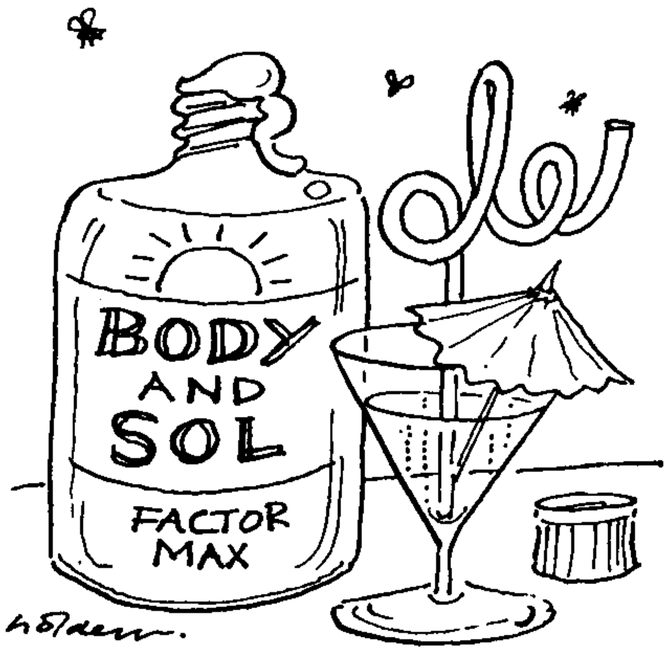
Anyway, imagine my surprise when Maria came back half an hour later, triumphantly announcing "Una Carta Citizeños, Señor Primo Ministero," and plonking down a large plate of what I think was fried squid.

During the afternoon I sunbathed by the pool, thus demonstrating that I am more than capable of relaxing, unlike certain of my predecessors! In fact I did not think about Mrs Thatcher for at least half an hour! While I was on my sunlounger I began to read my friend Jeffrey's book. I think it may have been the heat, because I found it very hard to get into his story about these two brothers who come from humble origins and find themselves both wanting to be prime minister!

Wednesday

Today I was looking forward to sitting by the pool, sipping the local drink which is called Pinacolada, and getting into my book. But Norman said that we should go sightseeing. She had found in the guidebook a very interesting castle in the mountains. It took us eleven hours to get there by bus, and I was very glad that I had brought Mr Archer's book to read on the journey. But unfortunately the road was so bumpy that it was very hard to concentrate, and I did not get beyond the first page. It is about two brothers who both want to be prime minister, and I am sure it will, in no small measure, turn out to be "a gripping tale of power and passion by a master storyteller" as it says on the cover.

The castle was unfortunately closed when we arrived. Norman read out the entry from her Spain On 5,000 Pesetas A Day guide book, about a 16th century duke called Don Juan The Wise, who had told his



people that if they had any complaints about the way the province was administered, they could come to see him in person and he would put it right. He even laid down fixed sums to be paid in compensation if, say, an innkeeper failed to provide proper accommodation for passing pilgrims. One of the English tourists who were on the bus overheard Norman reading out this very interesting passage and said: "It sounds just like that idiot we've got at home." I wonder who he was talking about? Probably someone on the television who I have not seen.

Thursday

Although it is a great relief to be away from work, there are some aspects of it that I miss, such as going to the Test Match, which begins today. Fortunately, however, there is a radio in the villa and I was therefore able to try to tune into the BBC World Service to keep up with the score. After I had turned the knob for a considerable period of time, hearing a lot of Arabian pop music, I eventually got Radio Monte Carlo where I heard a strangely familiar voice. It was saying: "But of course when I persuaded President Bush to go to war I meant that the job should be finished. Do you think if I was still in power that we would have been feeble enough to let Mr Hussein stay alive?" Norman jumped up and tactfully moved the dial to another station. An American voice was saying: "That was John Lennon's Imagine. And now Radio Tunisia's English language service presents an exclusive interview with British Premier Margaret Hilda Thatcher." And guess what she said?

"Of course it would not be right for me to comment on the way Mr Major

lost the Gulf War, especially when he is out of the country on yet another of these holidays he seems to need." I was so cross that I quite forgot about the Test Match and, turning the radio off, I returned to page one of my book.

Friday

When I had been sitting with my book by the swimming pool for a considerable number of hours this morning, Norman came out with a Diet 7-Up. She looked at me and said: "Well, John, at least no one will call you grey any more."

"Why is that?" I asked. "Because you are bright red all over."

When I thought about it I realised that I was not feeling particularly well, so I told Norman that I would lie down inside for a while. In fact I felt quite sick and had a not insignificant headache so I was very pleased to hear Norman going to the telephone and describing my symptoms to someone in great detail. "It looks like sunstroke, which I don't need to tell you can be fatal," I heard her say. When she came back, I asked her in my special weak voice how long it would be before the doctor came. "I don't know," she said. "I was talking to a lady from a Spanish magazine called Olé!"

Saturday

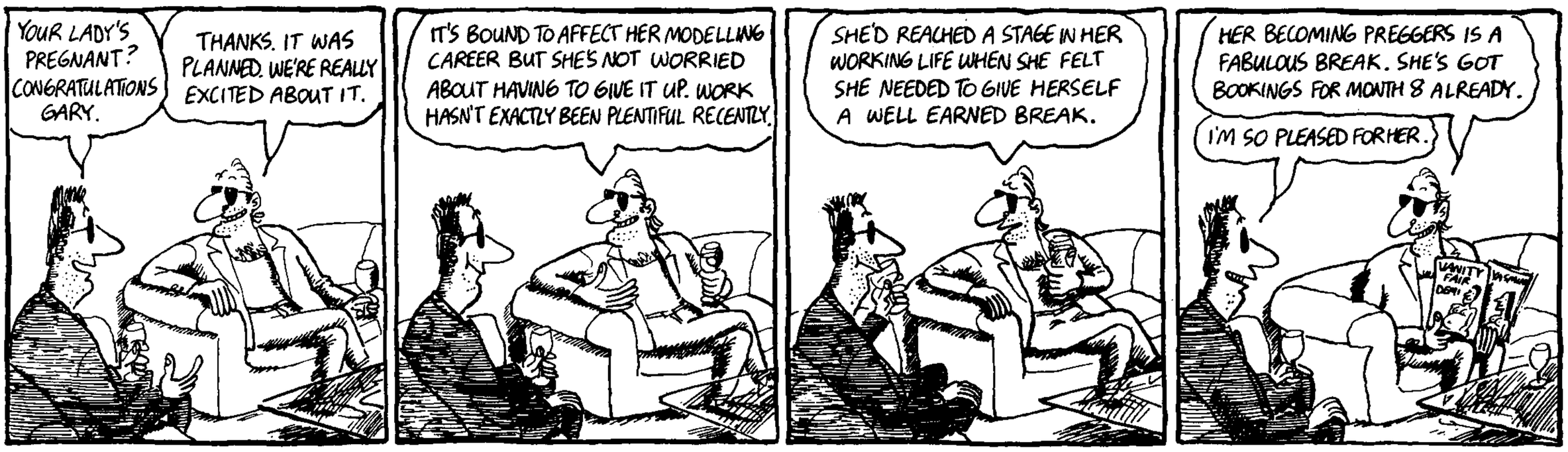
This morning I am glad to say I felt much better, although I decided that it would perhaps be more prudent not to venture out into the sun. I was just about to have another go at starting my book, when the telephone rang, and who should it be but my friend Jeffrey Archer himself. "I see from the Telegraph that you are reading my new novel on holiday," he said, "and I just wanted to find out how you are getting on." "Well, Jeffrey," I told him, "it is in my judgement a gripping tale of power and passion by a master storyteller."

"But are you enjoying it?" he asked.

"Oh yes," I said.

Great Bores Of Today.

"...I won't keep you a minute ladies and gents can the lovely lassie in the hat just move forward a bit ha ha ha now you're blocking that gentleman with the glasses can you get closer sir? that's it that's lovely can you all give us a big smile? look into the camera it's meant to be a happy day come on luv a smile costs nothing come on sir it's not you that's just got married ha ha ha little ones at the front look at me one two three cheese oh sorry it's the end of the roll we'll soon fix that it only takes a second don't go away there we go that's nice madam everyone relaxed bunch in at the sides we'll just wait for this cloud to go over whoops! June's bursting out all over no offence darling that's lovely hold it everyone one two three Lymeswold ha ha ha you won't believe it I've left the cap on don't go away it won't take a minute..."


YOUR LADY'S PREGNANT? CONGRATULATIONS GARY.
THANKS. IT WAS PLANNED. WE'RE REALLY EXCITED ABOUT IT.
IT'S BOUND TO AFFECT HER MODELLING CAREER BUT SHE'S NOT WORRIED ABOUT HAVING TO GIVE IT UP. WORK HASN'T EXACTLY BEEN PLENTIFUL RECENTLY.
SHE'D REACHED A STAGE IN HER WORKING LIFE WHEN SHE FELT SHE NEEDED TO GIVE HERSELF A WELL EARNED BREAK.
HER BECOMING PREGGERS IS A FABULOUS BREAK. SHE'S GOT BOOKINGS FOR MONTH 8 ALREADY.
I'M SO PLEASED FOR HER.
VANITY FAIR

ITN (AND ALL OTHER CHANNELS)

The dramatic moment you missed during the commercial break

TREVOR BARBADOS: ...and it seems that John McCarthy's plane hasn't arrived yet here at RAF Lyneham, but of course as soon as it does we'll be bringing you news. Unfortunately this means that we can't yet ask him directly how he feels at the moment, but on the line from Sweden we've got Professor Lündblom of Malmo University who has made a special study of the psychology of hostage-release. Professor, how do you think John McCarthy will be feeling at this moment? Will he be feeling exhilarated or depressed?

PROFESSOR: ...er...

BARBADOS: ...or will he be feeling a mixture of them both?

PROFESSOR: Well, the hostage who is undergoing the trauma of release is likely to be experiencing conflicting emotions. On the one hand, he is very pleased to be free. On the other hand, as he looks out at all those interviewers waiting to ask him how he feels, he may well experience profound feelings of depression...

BARBADOS: I'm sorry, Professor, we'll have to stop you there because the plane still hasn't landed here... er... in the meantime we've now got Michael Hack on the line from Damascus. Michael, you've actually asked John McCarthy how he felt. How did you feel in putting that question?

HACK: ...er...

BARBADOS: You feel elated, or depressed — or a mixture of both?

HACK: Well, Trevor, the mood here in Damascus is one of intense excitement, mingled, it has to be said, with a certain depression. Syrian Foreign Ministry sources were saying this morning...

BARBADOS: I'm sorry, Michael, we've got to break off there, because there's a report in that the plane definitely hasn't landed so... er... I've got a relative here — my cousin, who has been very close to me while I've been covering the hostage situation over the past five years. What's the mood tonight amongst my family as they see me on the television asking people how they feel?

MAN HOLDING CANDLE: Well, we were elated, obviously, but let us not forget all those people who haven't been on television being asked how they felt...

BARBADOS: I'm sorry, we're going to have to cut you off there, to go straight back to the airport, where I understand that nothing is happening. David, can you confirm that nothing is happening?

REPORTER: Yes, Peter, I can confirm that the mood here at the airfield is one of intense anticipation. We're still waiting for something to happen.

BARBADOS: How do you feel about that? Would you say that you are depressed, or elated, or a mixture of...

(Cont. round the clock on all channels)

"Give me all your money!"

DAY 394

New BCCI sensation rocks world

by Our Banking Staff **Fred Needle**

THE WORLD of crime was outraged today when it was discovered that a senior criminal had had no connection whatsoever with the International Bank of Credit and Commerce.

He was named as the late Mr Al Capone, a Chicago business-man prominent in the Prohibition era of the 1930s. Congressional committees going through the bank's records were shocked to find concrete evidence that Mr Capone had never engaged in any transactions with the now-disgraced bank.

Crooking the Books

Said the bank's founder, Mr Abedi: "I have no idea how this happened. Mr Capone must have slipped through the net. We made every effort to secure the accounts of all major criminals, including those in the CIA. It may be that Mr Capone had ceased trading as a criminal, owing to his death, long before the bank was set up. This is the only explanation I can think of."

James Callaghan is 94.

"Dad, what came first — the chicken or the basket?"

ADVERTISEMENT

'Peregrine Worsthorne will never kick sand in my face again!' says Andrew Neill

Are you fed up with being bullied by snobs? Are you sick of Alexander Chancellor being rude to you or Dominic Lawson not asking you to lunch? Do you envy A.N. Wilson his glamorous lifestyle and does Charles Moore's success with the girls make you jealous? Has Henry Porter looked down his nose at you lately?

I know how you feel!! But now, with my amazing Two-Stage Anti-Snob Home Course *you too* can triumph over the snobbocracy!!

Here's how it works:

- **Stage One: Become Editor of the *Sunday Times.***
- **Stage Two: Write a piece in the Style Section headed: "Why Don't I Get Invited To More Parties With Posh Upper-Class Birds?"**

I guarantee that within MINUTES the snobs will be on the run, defeated, destroyed and devastated by your amazing powers of confidence.

It worked for me!!

Simply fill in this form and send at once to the *Sunday Times*.

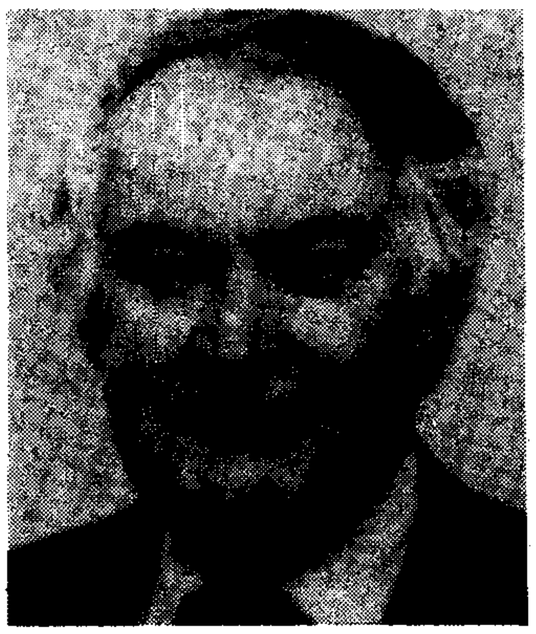
Please rush me the Andrew Neill Two-Stage Anti-Snob Home Course at once. (£3.10)
I am over 18 and rather sad.
Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

TV Tonight

Edinburgh Nightzzzzzz

Tonight Tracy Wargs looks at the highlights of another week at the Edinburgh Festival and Fringe. Includes:

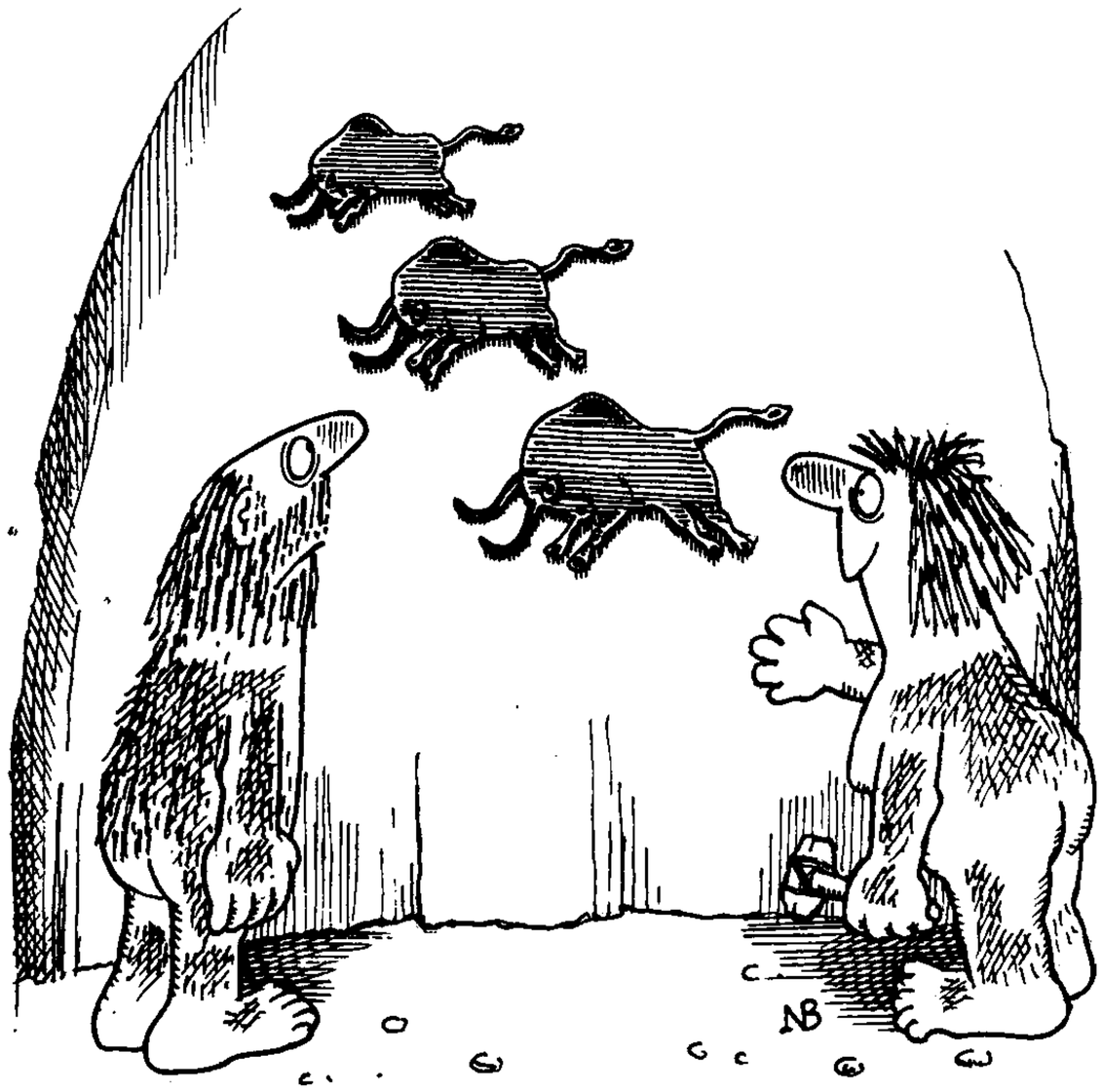
- The Kurdish Jazz Octet. Cool jazz from the northern borders of Iraq. Newly formed combo plays works by Monk, Parker, and Madonna.
- *Stuff yer Poll Tax, Thatch!* from the Street Theatre of Inverness. An improvised play starring Murray Spart and Rory McSpart directed by Ken McLoach.
- *Two Men in Bow Ties Making Camp Jokes.* Insiders predict that these two ex-Canterbury choirboys (Jamie Twist and Tristram Milkfloat) are definitely



Late night at the Traverse: Julian Critchley

the next Kit and the Widow (*Who they? Ed.*)

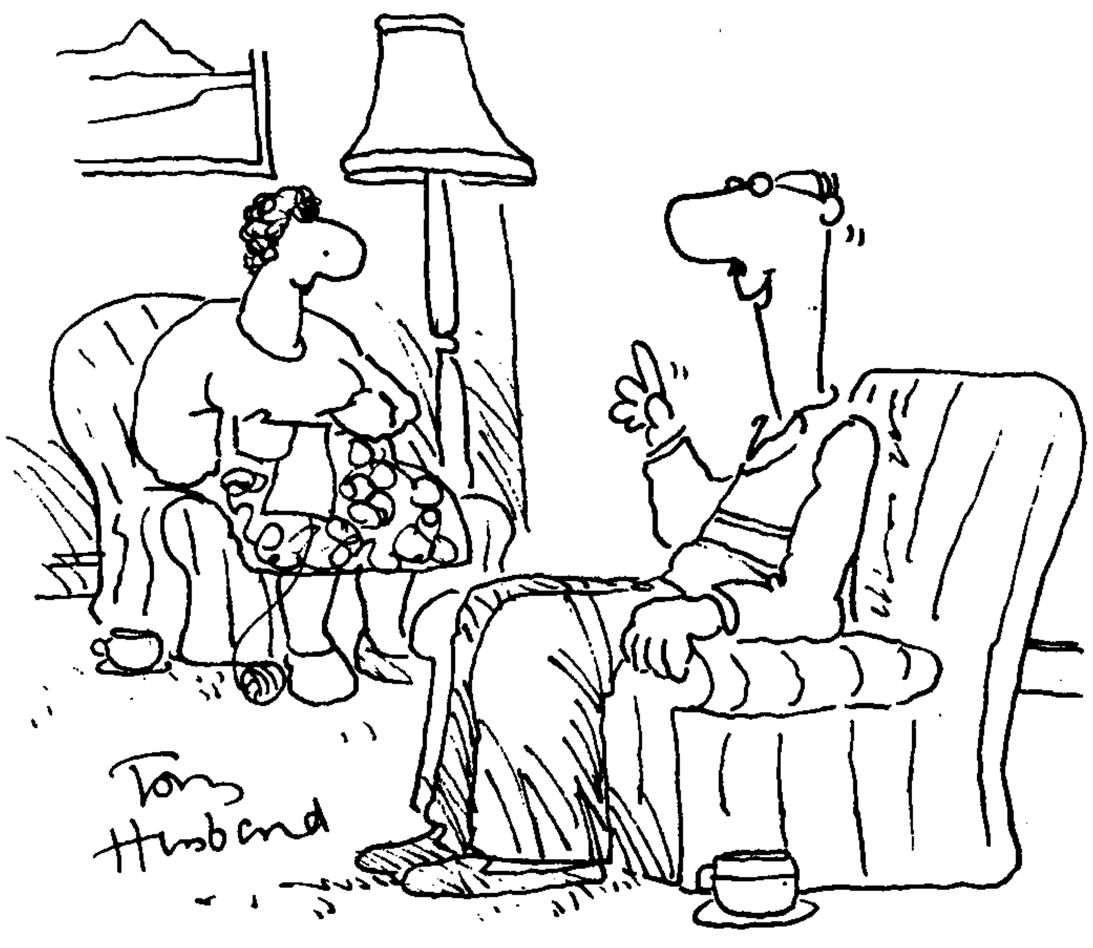
- *Mother Albania Weeps* by the legendary Mzslpzghh Theatre of Mime. Ten hours long, this new translation into Italian by Umberto Woosta has stunned audiences throughout Europe.
- Exhibition of post-glasnost satirical ceramics including works by Stodoffski, Scarvovitch and Nikolai Garlandov. *(That's enough Edinburgh. Ed.)*



The Book of Shamir

Chapter 94

1. And, lo, there came unto the land of Is-rael a man of the Amerikites, whose name was Ba-kah, which is called Jim.
2. And the children of Is-rael cried unto him with one voice: "Oh no, not thou again."
3. For Ba-kah had come among them many times, bringing the message of peace and reconciliation unto the tribes who dwell in Is-rael, even the Is-raelites, the Arab-ites, the Araf-ites, the Jerusalem-ites and those they call the Heads of Tow-el.
4. And Ba-kah came unto Shamir and saith in a special firm voice, like unto that of Ma-jor: "Hearken unto me, thou grey-haired old terror-ist. I knoweth that it is the custom of the Is-raelites to tell me to go forth and getteth myself lost.
5. "But, lo, this time it is different. For I have spoken privily unto the Arab-ites, and the Egypt-ites, and the Leban-ites, and the Jordan-ites, and even unto Ass-ad, the Syrian-ite.
6. "Yea, indeed-e-doo-dy, have I spoken unto them all." For thus he spake in the tongue and manner of the Amerik-ites.
7. And Shamir, hearkening unto him closely, saith unto Bak-ah: "Yea, and what hath all this to do with us?"
8. And Ba-kah spelleth it out unto him in this wise, prophesying that a new order should come in the world.
9. For, he saith, lo, the leopard shall lie down with the porcupine and the lizard with the gnat. And the killer bee shall give suck unto the locust.
10. And there shall be full and frank negotiations around the table of peace, which shall last for ever.
11. For thus it is written in the Book of Un, that is to say in the resolutions which are numbered 238, 242 and 666.
12. And, once again, Shamir saith unto him: "What hath this to do with us?" And, as he spake, Shamir beginneth to stand first upon one leg and then upon another, like unto a man who wisheth to go unto the toi-let.
13. Then Ba-kah saith unto Shamir: "Lo, this time the game is up. For you will agree to be at the table of peace in the Waldheim Suite of the Geneva Hilton as the cock croweth nine, or thou shalt bid farewell to those 50 million shekels thou hast demanded last week. Haveth a nice day."
14. And, so saying, Ba-kah departed from that place, to return even unto the burning Bush who lieth in the noonday sun on the sands of Kenn-e-bunk-port.
15. Then Shamir took counsel with the priests and elders of the children of Is-rael. And for many hours they pondered upon what Ba-kah had said.
16. And at last Shamir clappeth his hands together and crieth aloud, Hearken unto me, ye children of Is-rael.
17. We shall sit down at the table of peace, even as it hath been proposed.
18. And all the world rejoiced, saying:"Hosanna in the highest. Shamir hath come to his senses at last. Kill the fatted calf, and hang garlands upon the balconies of the condom-in-iums of Ei-lat, yea, even those with an unrestricted view of the Red Sea. For they are empty."
19. And Shamir saith unto them: "Yea, I will sit down at the table of peace with the Arab-ite, the Syr-ianite, the Leban-ite and the Hashem-ite. But there is just one condition, so small that it is like unto the single seed of the pomegranate that is blown away by the wind of Hebron."
20. And the Media-ites gathered about him, hoping for the byte of sound, and asked him what this condition should be.
21. And Shamir saith unto them: "I will sit at the table with anyone, except for the Araf-ites, the Jerusalem-ites and anyone else who matters."
22. And, lo, it was back unto square one.



"I know! I'll sort out my sock drawer"

Knacker defends 'Spy In The Cell' policy

by our Prison Staff
"Nosher" Stibbs

INSPECTOR 'Knacker of the Yard' Churchill-Knacker hit out today at critics of his controversial decision to keep IRA terrorists under constant surveillance whilst they were in prison.

"These are highly dangerous men," said the Inspector, who is believed to head the Yard's secret Anti-Terrorist Squad. "They have to be watched. They can't be allowed just to wander around their cells. You never know what they might be doing."

Cell-Network

Churchill-Knacker then went on to give details of his latest amazing plan to beat the terrorist menace. He proposed:

● **A specially trained group of uniformed men to be known as "Warders" to guard the prisoners night and day.**

● **Special buildings to be known as "Prisons" to restrict visits from relatives and sympathizers with guns and to be run by men known as "Governors".**

Inspector Churchill-Knacker is not going to resign.

FINAL

The Daily Hellograph

40p

ESTABLISHED 1855 NO. 42,339

LONDON AND MANCHESTER

FRIDAY, AUG 16, 1991

Charles and Di sail on second honeymoon — heartwarming pictures show happy couple relaxing in sun

By Our News Staff Max Hastings

CHARLES and Diana today looked radiantly happy as their holiday cruise liner sailed off into the sunset.

More pictures 7, 8, 9.

Latest fashions on show at Test Match — heartwarming pictures

By Our Defence Staff Brigadier Trumper-Smythe

THE latest fashions in swimsuits were on show today at the Oval cricket ground, or at least very near it, when some of London's top models took part in a charity fashion parade to help Britain's most desperate newspaper, the *Daily Hellograph*.

OTHER PAGES

Pictures Of People You've Never Heard Of 7,12,15,17

Who's Who in the Tuscany Set 8

Are Naked Women "In" This Year? asks W.F. Deedes 11

My Nights of Passion by Sir Peregrine Worsthorne 25

Plus New *Hellograph* Competition 'Kill a Grouse and Win a Bentley!'

THERE'S MORE FUN IN THE *DAILY HELLOGRAPH*!

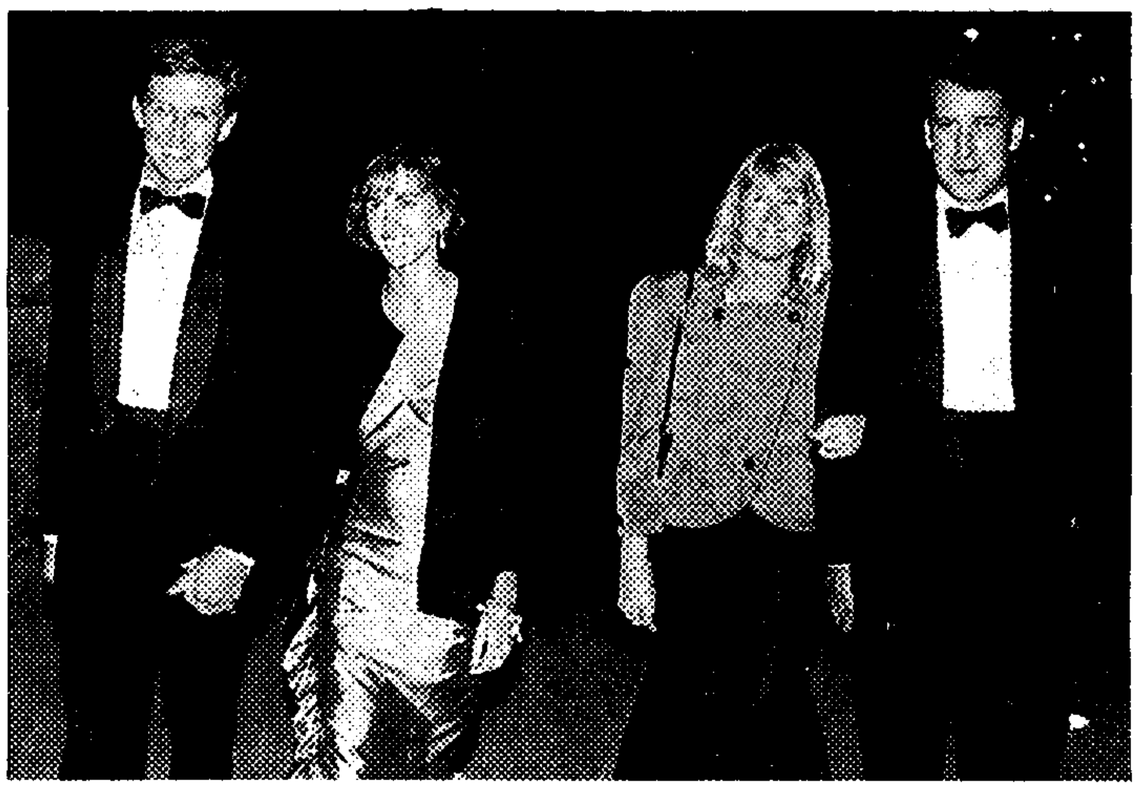
Jilly Cooper meets Cynthia Payne and the leather set — trouserwarming pictures

By James Delingpole and the City Staff

TOP raunchy novelist Jilly Cooper today joined a host of celebrities including Cynthia Payne and Derek Jameson in the pages of the *Daily Hellograph*. "Gosh, it's so exciting!" said Jilly. "I love the *Telegraph*. It's so sexy and funny. Charles Moore — don'tcha just love that tight-buttocked public school look of his? I bet he's a real goer!!?! And Montgomery Massingberd? Mmmmm!"

Rich man gives party in Chelsea – heartwarming pictures of hoorays getting drunk

By Our Investigative Staff Robert Fox



IT was definitely the party of the year as Rolls-Royces and Bentleys converged on the 24-bedroomed home of Chelsea socialite and party giver Sir Jocelyn Barcode. Everyone was there. The top names in London society thronged the ballroom, including Camilla Stribling-Gribling, the Hon. Hugo de Barcode and Mr Melvyn Bragg.

STOP PRESS

TOP NEWSPAPER GOES DOWN PLUGHOLE — *Reuters*

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles is taking Diana on a second honeymoon, a romantic cruise through the Mediterranean.

Now read on...

A BRIGHT full moon shone across the silvery sea, creating a perfect silhouette of a beautiful young woman against the rail of the luxury yacht, the *Gail Ronson.* In the distance, perched on the gentle slopes of the Italian Riviera, was the little town of Agassi di Mare, its lights twinkling like a million diamonds laid out on a velvet canopy in *(Get on with it. Ed.)*

The night sky was a backcloth of black satin pinpointed by a trillion *(I said get on with it. Ed.)*

And then there were two figures in the moonlight.

"Happy, darling?" The man dressed in immaculate black tie leaned against the rail and turned his head towards his bride of ten years.

"Yah. Sure. Yah. You?"

"Er... tremendously... er... you know, sort of thing."

The couple fell into silence as they gazed down at the gentle waves lapping the pure white hull of the ship.

Charles lifted his glass, a fluted crystal embonpoint filled to brimming with organic cherry yoghurt champagne, which made a soft clink as he touched it against that of his wife.

"I'm not one for speeches... or, well, I am when it comes to you know talking about things that are really appalling sort of Shakespeare and Sainsbury's and well, you know, but I... er..."

In the pause that followed, Charles tried to arrange his thoughts. What a brilliant idea this trip had been, and how kind of his grandmother to suggest it. A second honeymoon, reliving the magic moments of their first idyllic week together. The Queen Mother had broached the scheme over a cup of Earl Grey gin and a piece of Extra-Rich Brandenberg Cake at Clarence House.

"I've been reading this delightful book, Charles," she had said. "It's by one of Diana's relatives, Barbara Castle, I think it is," and she had produced a copy of *Lovers Again*, which the jacket had described as "a heartwarming romance in which the dashing Count de la Billière recaptures the love of his beautiful young wife Countess Samantha on a cruise through the Bay of Dolmio".

Back on deck, Diana looked at her husband, her deep blue eyes filled with expectancy.

"Were you about to say something, Chazza? It's just getting a bit chilly."

"Oh... er... yes." Charles recovered rapidly and taking off his Kleinwort Benson dinner jacket draped it affectionately around her pallid shoulders. "I just wanted to say cheers to us, really... Just the two of us and getting together again, as it were. I mean, it's just like my old friend and mentor Sir Laurens can der Post used to say..."

Diana's eyes began to glaze over and she took a long draught of her Ashdown sparkling spring water.

"'... tea for two and two for tea. Me for you and you for me.' I mean, if you think about it, it's really quite true, er... actually, very true."

"Whatever you say, Chazzo."

Charles breathed deep of the pure night air filling his lungs with the invigorating pine-scented breezes that wafted from the distant hills of the Sergio Leone.

"We're going to have a marvellous time together," he enthused.

"We are?" she queried.

"Tremendous. I've organised this terrific tour tomorrow starting at 8.00 sharp. Apparently in the village of San di Galli there is an incredible medieval church built with some of the original columns from a Roman temple to the god Apolinaris. It's extraordinary to think that such a combination of as it were classical and Romanesque architectural thingies in one place..."

Diana had moved to the prow, her blonde hair turned to fine gold as moonbeams fell upon it. She looked excitedly to the shore, and Charles was moved to think that she was so eager to share his enthusiasm.

"Can you see it, darling?" Diana asked, her eyes fixed on a distant point on the land.

"The church? No. You can't see it at night... it's closed, darling... there's a chap who locks it up and goes home."

"Not the church, Chazzo — that flashing pink light. I think it's a sign."

Charles squinted and read out the words GINO'S CRAZY DISCO LAND and as he did so he caught the first strains of a music that he had a terrible feeling was not Vespers.

"Great! That's Madonna! Come on, Charles! I fancy a boogie! Let's go!"

Charles stared at his wife in surprise.

"Go? But we can't go there. We've got to be up in the morning. We've got a very full itinerary ahead of us — there's the church and then the amphitheatre and then the library at the monastery of San Pavarotti, they've got manuscripts there going back to the 6th century..."

"But Chazza," Diana said, her cool eyes meeting his as he stammered his objections. "You promised me that this would be a second honeymoon."

Charles nodded vigorously.

"And so it is. I promised that everything would be exactly the same as the first time. The cruise, the moonlight, the magic of Italy."

"Yah, Chazzo, you've kept your promise. You've laid on everything just as it was. Including the arguments."

A small dark cloud momentarily dimmed the bright Mediterranean moon.

To be continued

Home Secretary not to resign over Toad escape

by Our Riverbank Correspondent **Badger Hall**

THE WILD Wood was today rocked to its foundations by the news that "Britain's most wanted toad", described as "highly dangerous", had escaped from the top-security prison where he was awaiting trial for a motoring offence.

The police of seven counties were issued with a description of the wanted animal, and advised the public not to "have a go".

The escaped prisoner, named as Mr Toad of Toad Hall, was said to be a "psychopath subject to megalomaniacal delusions", who had been placed in the "deepest dungeon" in the country on the personal orders of the Home Secretary, Mr Kenneth Weasel.

Kenneth Grahame Baker

The escape, it was revealed last night, took place shortly after breakfast yesterday morning, when an accomplice, believed to be a member of the prison staff and a possible toad-sympathiser, provided the prisoner with a complete set of female attire. This enabled him to walk through the prison gate, where he was mistaken by warders for an employee of the firm which sub-contracts to wash the prison laundry.

After effecting his escape, the prisoner then hijacked a passing barge (the Melvyn), since when he has not been seen again.

Wind Up The Willows

Last night Mr Kenneth Weasel was quick to welcome the resignation of the prison governor, George G. Aoler, for what the Home Secretary called "a gross lapse of security which had nothing whatsoever to do with me, since I was on holiday at the time." (© M. Havers)

Later, however, it was revealed that only last week the Home Secretary had received a letter from "a mole", which read:

Dear Weasel:

I should warn you that Toad is about to escape.

Yours,

Mole.

Mr Weasel was said last night to be "considering his position" in the light of being publicly caught out.

Even later, on *Newsnight*, the Shadow Weasel, Mr Hoy Ratter-sley, puffed and spluttered for several minutes before anyone could work out what he was trying to say.

What it may have looked like. Artist's impression (E.H. Shepard)

TV HIGHLIGHTS

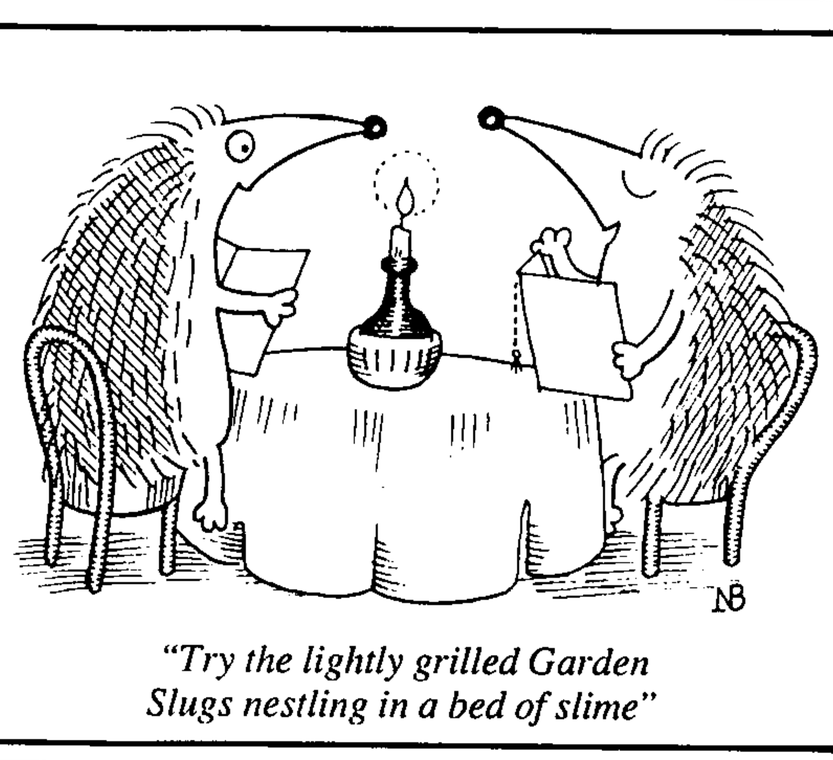
I Love Lucy

Channel 4 (black and white)

Repeat of the hilarious sitcom set in America where an elderly couple go on honeymoon and then tell everyone about it in the *Sunday Telegraph*. Lucy is the zany comedienne Lady Lucinda Lambton, whose offbeat sense of humour is perfectly matched by the whacky antics of Sir Peregrine Worsthorne.

In tonight's episode, Lucy falls in love with an old antique (Perry) and marries him. They fly off to America on a romantic freebie (courtesy of Delta Airline's Legover Special) and end up in the middle of the Grand Canyon. The fun begins when Perry and Lucy start arguing. Is his article worse than her photographs? Or are her photographs worse than his article? It's one of those quarrels that are bound to end in tears. Of boredom. From readers of the *Sunday Telegraph*.

Eye rating: Z-z-z-z-z-z



"Try the lightly grilled Garden Slugs nestling in a bed of slime"

Supt John McKay said: "We will be out in force that night, intending to maintain law and order. Our officers will balance tolerance and firmness – but any outbreaks of public order will be dealt with swiftly.

Grantham Journal

MAN SHOT DEAD BY POLICE STATION

Evening Standard

Jenkins, 29, admitted a charge of assault causing actual bodily harm and criminal damage to a telephone box. *Wells Journal*

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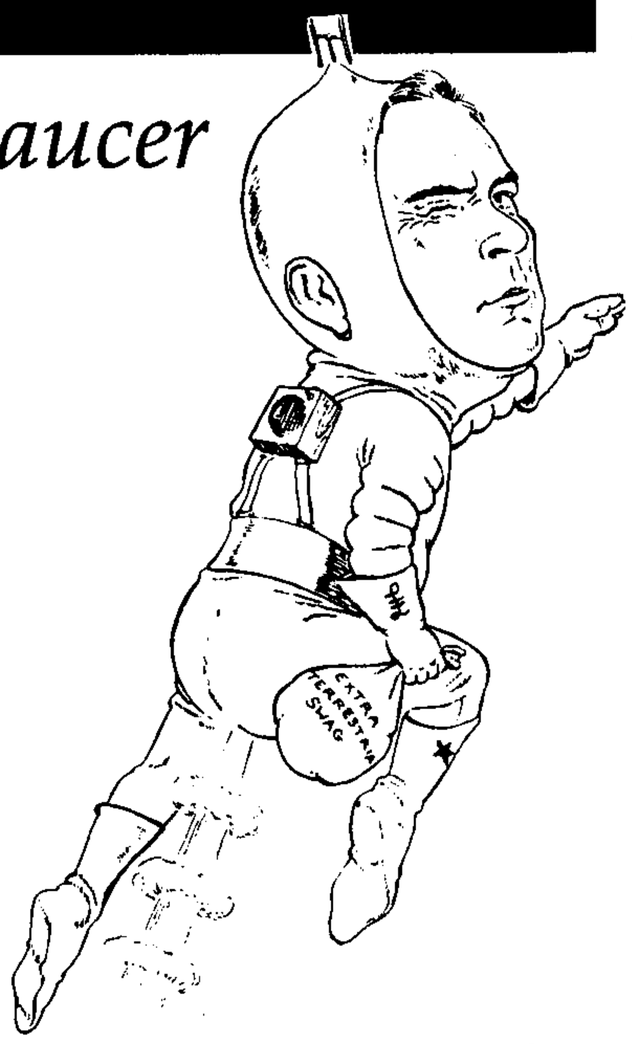
Literary Review

Milking the saucer

Alien Liaison: The Ultimate Secret
Timothy Good
(Century, £14.99)



AS THE millennium approaches, nutters will multiply. It's a rule. Wait and see.

Here, for example, we have a millennial bestseller. Its publisher, Century, describes it as "a story which will completely overturn our understanding of our place in the Universe. It is the ultimate secret." If Century really believed this, it might justly be disappointed that the book is only number five in the bestseller list, lagging behind Delia Smith's *Complete Illustrated Cookery Course* and *Toujours Provence*. As it is, Century executives must be hugging themselves.

Timothy Good's previous book, *Above Top Secret*, published in 1987, claimed that flying saucers are constantly flitting all about us, but that the governments of the world choose to suppress the evidence, which otherwise would be plentiful and incontrovertible. With its beautifully calculated appeal to paranoia, this argument pre-empted all possible objections. So there's no proof of the existence of UFOs? Yes, *ample* proof. It's just that none of us is allowed access to it by the world's secret services. Naturally, under the circumstances, any rumour that escapes their monitoring must be given maximum credit.

Alien Liaison goes a step further. It's a fantastic jumble of stories about UFOs and aliens. "In the last few years alone," says Good, "the massive scale of bewildering sightings, landings, contacts and abductions might convey the impression that Earth has become a kind of cosmic Clapham junction." And Good's a cosmic train-spotter.

The US has been test-flying captured UFOs in the Nevada desert. A retired US air force security guard socialised with aliens over a long period on his ranch in Colorado. An alien was captured alive in New Mexico in 1947 and kept for a few years at Los Alamos. Other extra-terrestrial beings have been the guests of the US government at various times since. Aliens have been industriously mutilating cattle in Arizona, concentrating on the sexual parts. A Brazilian man called Antonio had sex with an alien, twice, on a spacecraft, in October 1957.

She was 4½ feet tall, blonde, with a pointy chin, thin lips, "high well-separated breasts, thin waist and small stomach, wide hips and large thighs" plus "very red" pubic hair. Fantastic, eh? But even so, Antonio wouldn't swop our women for alien tarts. "I like a woman with whom you can talk and converse and make yourself understood, which wasn't the case here. Furthermore, some of the grunts that I heard coming from that woman's mouth at certain moments nearly spoiled everything, giving the disagreeable impression that I was with an animal." And besides, records Good, the Brazilian afterwards "began to suffer from what can only be described as a type of cosmic 'clap': severe headaches, burning and watering of the eyes, then excessive sleepiness followed by the appearance of various lesions on the body". Use a condom next time, eh Toni?

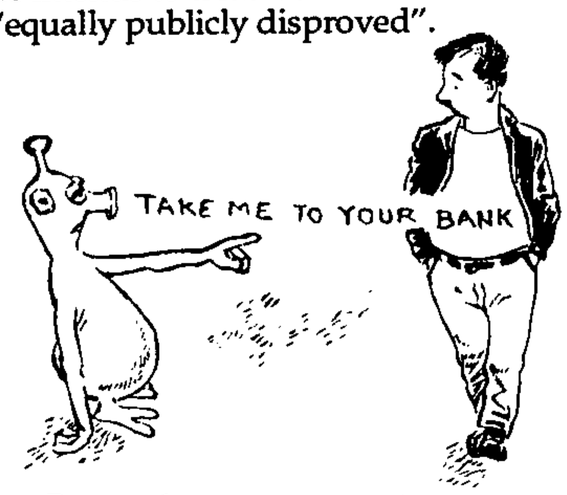
None of Good's stories is usefully documented. That "Colorado Breakthrough"? "As a prerequisite to relating their experiences, the witnesses insisted on anonymity and requested that the precise location of their ranch in Colorado should not be divulged." And so it goes.

"Suffice it to say, for the time being, that even if the entire MJ-12 document turns out to be fraudulent, I am convinced that the information contained therein, at least, is *essentially* factual." The most frequently cited reference is back to Good's own previous books, as if they could be used to legitimate this one at the same time as they are themselves endorsed as a valid source. In this way, fictions gain the appearance of fact.

Nothing can give Good pause. And he has a wonderful way with inconsistencies. They're further proof! What about the fact that all these eyewitness descriptions of aliens are inconsistent? Some are eight feet tall, some four; some are green, some grey. A poser, no? No. It's because at least nine different species have been visiting Earth recently.

Obvious, really. And what about the fact that some UFOs turn out, on closer inspection, to be helicopters or planes? It's because the cunning little beasties *are disguising* their spacecraft as helicopters, of course. "The idea is not as absurd as it seems," says Good, wrongly. "Mysterious unmarked aircraft have long been associated with the UFO phenomenon... and it seems to me entirely feasible that aliens might disguise their vehicles or even produce facsimile aircraft... as well as render their craft and themselves invisible, in order to keep us in a perpetual state of confusion." So even planes and helicopters are further proof of saucers!

Like all believers in the paranormal, Good has faith. And he's not alone. There's a pugnacious introduction to this book by its dedicatee, the former Admiral of the Fleet and current clown, Lord Hill-Norton. He says he finds Good's "astounding revelations" impossible to dismiss. "The plain fact is that either what he reports here is true, or it isn't." And he intends to treat it as true until it is "equally publicly disproved".



But as the expression of an internal need, rather than the product of external events, such faith is quite invulnerable to contradiction, let alone discouragement by any paucity of evidence. The need to believe doesn't go away when reasons for belief are lacking. If anything, it is exacerbated.

As an ingenious way of writing science fiction, *Alien Liaison* would be amusing enough. We all love spooky stories. But that's not what it's about. Good (formerly a violinist) is looking to UFOs for *salvation*. "We may owe our very survival to some of these beings from elsewhere, since it is claimed that on several occasions they have intervened to prevent nuclear catastrophe. In addition to being motivated by compassion, they may also have a vested interest in the survival of our planet and its species", he concludes, piously, pathetically.

This is to feed a deep human hunger with garbage. And that ain't funny, it's a sin.

Books & Bookmen

☐ THE absurd fuss suddenly stirred up by Moyra Bremner about the Marquis de Sade's book *Juliette* — only a century or two too late — has been taken seriously by at least one figure in the publishing trade.

Terry Maher, the philistine boss of Britain's worst bookshop chain, Dillons, sent an urgent memo to all his store-managers last week. "Do not actively promote this title," he ordered.

It had, he explained, been "brought to our attention" that *Juliette* "contains a high level of sadomasochism which is not made evident either by the cover or by the quotation on the back."

Not evident, that is, except in the name of the author, which might give even the most dimwitted Dillons' customer a clue.

■ SAD NEWS from HarperCollins's publicity director Helen Ellis regarding the Sonia Land Memorial bamboo trees at Bangkok House (see last *Eye*).

She reports that unable to adapt from their natural habitat in the South of France to the hardier climes of central Hammersmith, the trees have been officially certified as "incapable of sustaining an on-going growth situation". They're dead. Ms Ellis hints sardonically that the bamboo trees were very sensitive and were extremely distressed by comments made in this column, which clearly saw them off.

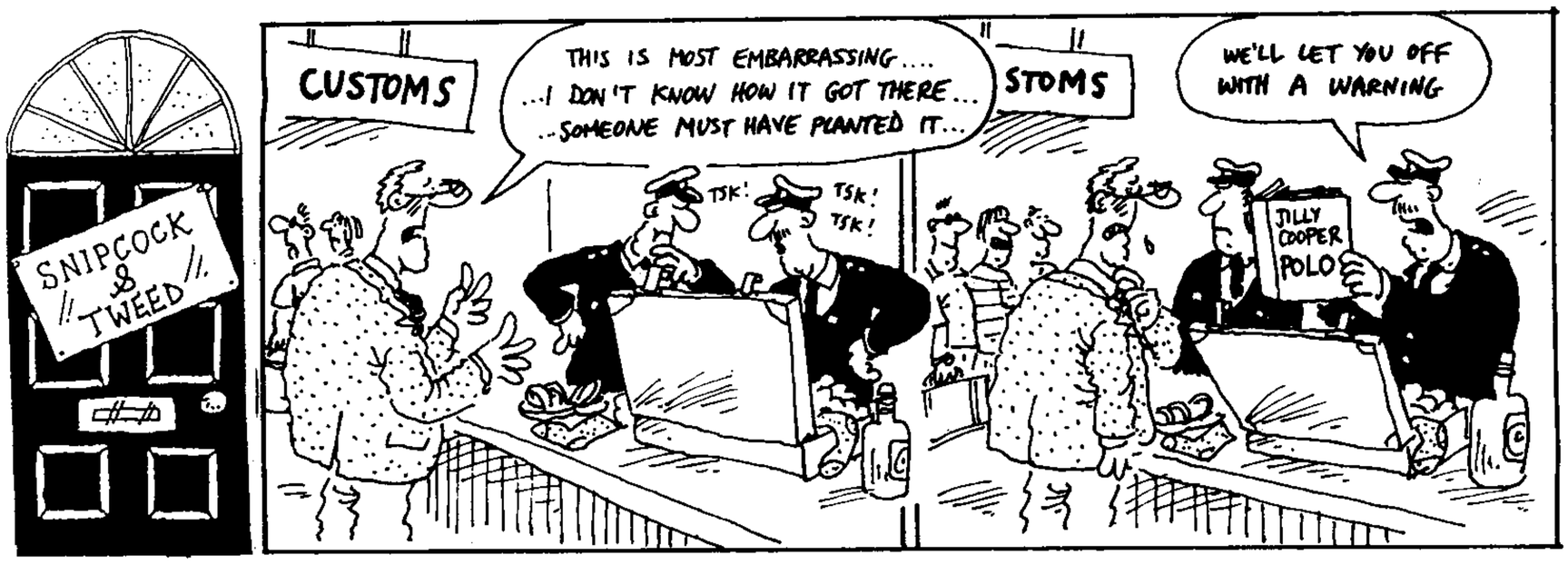
HarperCollins' press release on the subject is headed "Pandas get the cane" and concludes "following a staff ballot, it has been suggested that the bamboos should now be donated to the London Zoo pandas."

☐ MEANWHILE less seriously, chief executive and "publisher" Eddie Arturo McBastard Bell has explained in a memo to all staff how his mind works.

"Responding to the challenge of change," he writes, "we recognise the need for each of you to have a clear picture of your role, responsibilities and targets within the company, and a clear understanding of the level of contribution expected of you." The last part of that sentence is thought to refer to further imminent redundancies.

"Your departmental manager," Arturo drones, "will ask you to complete a job description for your current role, to provide details of your key targets for the next 12 months, and to set out your perceived training needs to achieve these targets." Clearly Big Eddie has no idea of what people do in a publishing house, or at least at HarperCollins, and the "job descriptions" should help him understand. The "key targets" of staff are, presumably, to hold down their jobs in the face of the mad axeman.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
CUSTOMS
THIS IS MOST EMBARRASSING.... ...I DON'T KNOW HOW IT GOT THERE... ..SOMEONE MUST HAVE PLANTED IT...
TSK! TSK! TSK!
STOMS
WE'LL LET YOU OFF WITH A WARNING
JILLY COOPER POLO

Nuclear waste

The Knilling Fields

THE MAN charged with giving the Government independent advice on the nuclear industry's plans to dump nuclear waste is himself working for a civil engineering company, which is itself working for the very organisation drawing up the plans... to dump nuclear waste.

The Department of the Environment sees nothing wrong with this set-up, revealed in the Commons by Labour backbencher Frank Field. He argued that there was a conflict of interest for Professor John Knill, chairman of the RWMAC (Radioactive Waste Management Committee), which is supposed to be the Government's independent adviser.

Out at Harwell the rival body, NIREX (the Nuclear Industry Radioactive Waste Executive), is even now drawing up plans to dump waste under Sellafield. NIREX is advised by the civil engineers Sir Alexander Gibb and Partners who rely on the advice of the same Professor Knill.

The Department of the Environment argues that there are "a whole host of expertises" on RWMAC and that Professor Knill is "just one of the committee" (albeit the chairman). NIREX says it has made it plain to Gibb's that the professor should not be associated "directly" with the Sellafield project. But he is a distinguished geologist and Gibb's would never pretend his opinions did not count.

At some stage, in what should be the coming battle between RWMAC and NIREX, the professor will need to decide on which side his "independent" judgement lies. He will probably be called as an expert witness and there are no prizes for guessing which way he will lean. What is more puzzling is the arrogant disregard for the public shown by Michael Heseltine, the Environment Secretary, who must realise that the views of RWMAC will be discounted once its chairman is seen to be working for the nuclear industry.

The choice of Sellafield as the proposed dump site is based on the view (doubtless shared by Professor Knill) that it has just the right geological structure. But, says NIREX, should there be any problem which forces a change of mind, Dounreay will do just as well. The two sites have one thing in common — both suffer from nuclear blight: Sellafield with a reprocessing plant and Dounreay with a fast breeder reactor.

The public is supposed to assume that the sites were chosen for their geology and that the nuclear presence was mere coincidence. It is perhaps more reasonable to assume that NIREX decided that, whatever the geology, politics mattered more and that locals living near the two sites were better disposed towards radioactive leaks etc. This is proving very wrong. Locals feel they have had enough and that it is time someone else was blessed with nuclear power.

But the last time NIREX sought a dump site, it picked four and was promptly chased out of the Colchester area by the local MP, John Wakeham, who was then chief whip and is now Energy Secretary. The three other sites were dangerously marginal, the date was 1987 and a general election was at hand. When the NIREX chairman, the now-famous John Baker of National Power, wrote to the then secretary of state, Nicholas Ridley, recommending (most conveniently) that the whole matter be looked at again, Ridley gratefully agreed.

Baker's warned then that inside any future dump there would be a "quite large" generation of gas — hydrogen from the corrosion of steel containers and carbon dioxide and methane as a result of the degradation of paper and wood. If the site were sufficiently "tight", as it has to be to contain radiation, there would be "a significant pressure build-up". That implies an explosive mixture and the problem is regarded by many scientists as insoluble.

The Government must now appoint an inspector for the Sellafield public inquiry. It won't be easy to find a mug who'll do it because the last two had rather a nasty time.

First was Sir Frank Layfield, who was furious with Nigel Lawson, then Energy Secretary, who rejected a plea for legal expenses for objectors to Sizewell B and Layfield had to deal with barrack room lawyers instead of barristers who knew the rules. So Layfield let the inquiry rumble on for 340 days when the Government was desperate to hurry the nuclear programme along.

He took another 21 months to write his report. When Mrs Thatcher telephoned him and told him to hurry up, he slammed down the phone on her. He eventually produced a nine-volume masterpiece, proving conclusively that nuclear power was the cheapest source of energy. He did not get a peerage and his findings were derided when the Government tried to privatise nuclear power.

Next came the Hinkley Point inquiry, intended simply to rubber stamp Layfield's work. After a seven-month search, the Government appointed Michael Barnes QC, an expert on leasehold reform, mistaking him for Michael Barnes, former chairman of the Electricity Consumers' Council. He tried to rush through the inquiry in a few months, sitting unprecedentedly long hours into the night and ruling as inadmissible questions about the credibility of the other side. It dragged on for 15 months and by then the Government had decided the evidence about nuclear power was indeed not credible.

Barnes had, however, been programmed to say yes, so he wrote a three-million-word report saying just that and the Government ignored it. He did not get a knighthood.

The next inspector, meanwhile, will be required to say that it is safe to bury nuclear waste in a dump in which it cannot be monitored or retrieved if something goes wrong, underneath a gigantic plutonium factory in the Lake District.

Coal

Past the Selby date

NEIL CLARKE, chairman of British Coal, painted a rosy picture of the coal industry when he addressed the media last month. But he omitted one small detail: that Britain's first "superpit" — Selby in Yorkshire — is doomed to die in less than 18 years... 75 years early.

The first of the five-pit complex was opened only eight years ago and the fifth, North Selby, as recently as January this year. Although productivity can on occasions be impressive, in spite of the efforts of the Yorkshire NUM, the coalfield is a "geological nightmare".

The coal can be "dirty", or very high in ash content, with ash levels as high as 40 per cent compared with the 17 per cent anticipated when the complex first left the drawing board 17 years ago.

The true financial disaster will never be revealed because British Coal hides individual pit losses within its area financial returns. But there is no hope of the £1.4 billion investment bearing fruit and thousands of tonnes of its output have already been rejected by the newly-privatised electricity industry. Selby coal also has to be blended, at enormous cost, with coals from Scotland and the North East of England.

Geological faults were missed in the original surveys, resulting in thousands of hours of lost production, while roads 1,000 metres below ground have been abandoned.

Few, if any, of these facts are likely to be confirmed by Clarke and his board while the industry is being groomed for privatisation and board members calculate the likely value of their lucrative share options.

Pop-Eye

Hype-hop merchants

IT'S NO surprise to anyone in the music business that details of the record industry investigation into chart-rigging and the alleged hyping by record companies of their products will not be made public.

After all, the investigation was carried out by a committee of the British Phonographic Industry (BPI), a body that represents record companies and whose members are themselves record company executives.

Virgin was let off without a fine after the committee decided there was insufficient evidence to link it directly to the admitted hyping of Lenny Kravitz's single *Always On The Run*, while two other companies, Rhythm King and London, were fined £5,000 and £50,000 respectively, despite the BPI having no better evidence against them than against Virgin.

While chart-rigging is supposed to have become more subtle, the BPI investigation was sparked off by a query from Gallup, which compiles the pop charts, about irregular buying patterns of certain singles in the north of England. This suggested a return to the old days when coachloads of record label rent-a-mobs would arrive en masse at record shops participating in chart compilations and snap up all copies of the single to by hyped.

Technology is supposed to have eliminated this problem: Gallup computers, located in obscure record shops buried deep in shopping malls, monitor record sales for chart compilations and are said to be unriggable. However, sales assistants are supposed to key in details of each single sold to enable automatic chart compilation, but — whoops! — some seem to be entering the wrong numbers.

Deliberately entering the wrong numbers not only hikes sales of chosen singles, but deflates sales of the singles which should have been keyed in. Still, persuading shop assistants to play along with the hype merchants through the use of "promotional material" is small fry compared to the persuasion applied to influential DJs.

Another issue the BPI investigation has apparently ignored is the issue of price-fixing. Every chart single — regardless of its label — sells at the same price and so do chart albums. With CDs selling at £11.99, for example, it is quite amazing that all the different record companies just happen to have chosen the same retail price and just happen to put their prices up at exactly the same moment.

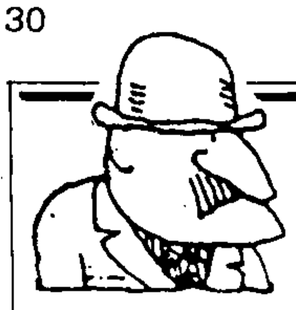
The Office of Fair Trading cites this as possible evidence of an illegal cartel and price-rigging, and the music industry has been invited for talks with the OFT. But even before these talks get properly underway, industry and consumer affairs undersecretary Edward Leigh has already assured MPs there is no evidence of a cartel.

Perhaps the OFT should revise its guidelines. In a slump period such as now, even a miserly 2,000 extra sales of a record can push it into the top forty, so the usual record company ploy of buying-in singles is cheaper than it has ever been.

● AS HEAD of music at Radio One, Chris Lycett's views on the music business are eagerly sought — not least by the trade journal *music week*, which in its 27 July issue quoted him as saying: "On the economic front it looks like a fairly bleak six months ahead but I am confident there is still going to be high quality product around."

And he should know. For according to another article in the same issue, much of that high quality product appears to have found its way into Lycett's own hands.

The journal reported how BBC staff have now been banned from flogging off promotional material sent in by record companies and repeated the claim that "a number of Radio One producers, along with head of music Chris Lycett, were selling off boxes of records to a shop in Fulham." There's nothing like taking one's work home with one...



In the City

ONE OF THE more interesting fall-outs from the scandal surrounding the Bank of Crooks, Cocaine and Impostors is the speed with which BCCI's operations in Kenya and Mauritius have been snapped up by an intriguing Asian entrepreneur who has close connections with the circle around Kenya's President Moi.

Ketan Somaia's Dolphin group, which is based in London, has already taken over the Mauritius operation and is expected shortly to acquire the larger branch in Kenya. Both had been seized by the local central banks.

This is not the Kenyan Asian's first move into banking. He is already involved in Kenya's Trust Bank with unidentified but clearly influential local partners. Whether the same mysterious partners will be involved in the Delphis Bank, which is to take over from BCCI, is so far unclear. Kenya and Mauritius are close politically as well as geographically.

Also unknown is exactly what price Somaia is paying for the two BCCI branches, or indeed whether cash is even changing hands. The two BCCI banks had total deposits of around $100 million.

All this mystery has resulted in totally unmerited speculation as to a possible previous relationship between Somaia, his partners and BCCI. There is even gossip about large Kenyan-owned deposits of up to £40 million that could be frozen in BCCI London, the product, it is said, of legitimate commissions on oil supplied to Kenya from Abu Dhabi.

Such suggestions are clearly no more than palpable fabrications by the enemies of President Moi and his Energy Minister Nicholas Biwott. Somaia has repeatedly denied that he had any connection with BCCI, which is obviously the truth.

AN ironic aspect of the BCCI scandal is that for at least a year and maybe two before the crash, the Inland Revenue's Special Investigation Section was probing allegations of tax evasion by the bank through the deliberate understatement of its UK profits.

This investigation was in addition to that by the Revenue's Enquiry Branch into the non-deduction of tax at source on interest payments made to UK resident depositors. As, according to BCCI's wide awake auditors Price Waterhouse, the bank may not have made a profit after provisions for many years — if ever — there would for once seem to be a perfect answer to the taxman's claims.

A BENEFICIARY, at least in the short term, of the BCCI crash could be the plush St James's Club on the Caribbean island of Antigua. Four weeks before BCCI was closed the bank sued the club in New York over the non-repayment of a loan made in 1988. BCCI had made demand in April for repayment of $316,285 plus $47,000 interest outstanding on a $500,000 promissory note issued by the club.

All of which is clearly something of a misunderstanding, as the club's Saudi owner, Amin Dahlawi, reportedly recently rejected a £30 million offer for the sun spot and, as the *Daily Mail* only last week informed us, is clearly a sheikh of many millions. On the other hand, maybe he knew the sun was about to set on BCCI leaving its debtors somewhat better off than its creditors.

THE Bank of England was not always asleep at the wheel when it came to dealing with Pakistan's banking elite. Three years ago it became very excited about certain activities carried out at the London branch of the state-owned Allied Bank.

This followed a Scotland Yard/Customs investigation into a massive "hawala" banking operation secretly moving up to £200 million between the UK, Europe and Pakistan. Much of the money was suspected of being drug related.

One member of the "hawala" ("reference" in Urdu) network was handling large sums through his account at Allied Bank which were being paid out, without any actual money transfer, in Pakistan.

Informed of what had been uncovered, the Bank of England carried out an investigation to see if the underground operation amounted to illegal deposit taking. No action was taken on that score; but it is understood that a senior official of Allied Bank, possibly the chairman, was summoned to London to explain and be told that extra supervision was to be imposed on the bank.

The Allied Bank incident was followed a few weeks later by news that several BCCI officials had been taken down in Florida in a drug money laundering "sting". Whether the Bank of England moved so promptly to read the Banking Act to BCCI's partners in crime Agha Hasan Abedi and Swaleh Naqvi seems far less likely.

THE Curse of Gnome has duly fallen on Standard Chartered with last week's run on the bank's Hong Kong branches. This followed its attempts to gag the *Eye* over criticisms of the bank's relationship with George "The Prisoner" Walker and other prestige clients.

Chinese depositors, rather than being perturbed by Hong Kong's clumsy if not mendacious handling of the closure of BCCI, might ponder instead the impact of Standard Chartered's admission that Brent Walker was but one of 16 clients where the bank had an exposure of £100 million-plus. Not so much "banking without frontiers" (the Standard Chartered motto) as "banking without sense".

THERE could be some red faces in London as a result of the New York indictment for insider trading of fugitive Merrill Lynch executive Nahum Vaskevitch, now back in Israel after narrowly escaping extradition from Cyprus.

Vaskevitch is charged with several insider trading violations from June 1984 to June 1987 while he headed Merrill Lynch's mergers and acquisitions department in London. He passed information to his partner, David Sofer, in New York who did the share dealing. Sofer subsequently settled and paid up so avoiding prosecution.

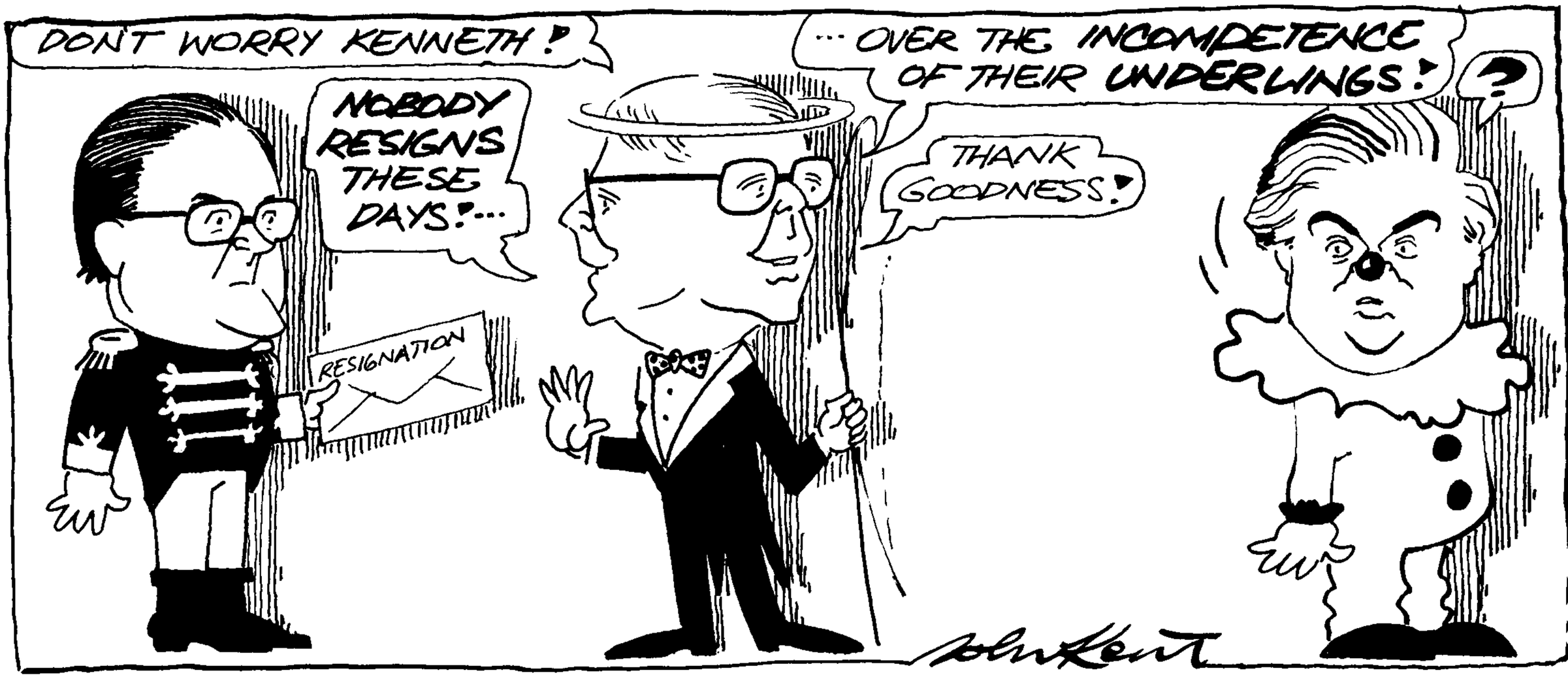
Last month's indictment raises questions about just what Vaskevitch was up to from 1977 to 1981 when he was doing the same M&A job at trusty Hill Samuel. After all, it seems highly unlikely that he suddenly discovered the money making opportunities such a post presented on moving to Merrill Lynch.

Vaskevitch was an active insider dealer at the time he was recruited by the friends of Argyll to assist in the 1986 battle against Guinness for Distillers. Vaskevitch, acting mainly through brokers Panmure Gordon via Merrill Lynch, was a heavy hitter of the Guinness share price and on occasion a booster of Argyll. Needless to say, neither Panmures nor his friends at Noble Grossart were aware of Vaskevitch's extracurricular activities.

Should Vaskevitch be exported from Israel, by no means impossible, he will be able to reminisce about those Distillers deals with another Noble Grossart ally, Wall Street arbitrageur "Sandy" Lewis who is already a guest of Uncle Sam for similar but unrelated market manipulation offences. Or maybe they will all meet together in court when and if the threatened Argyll v Guinness civil action happens.

AS A supporter of corporate accountability and open government, the *Guardian* was doubtless opposed to the exclusion of the press from the recent shareholders' meeting of Trans World Communications which witnessed the deposing of chairman Owen Oyston. The newspaper no doubt remonstrated with new chairman Harry Roche who, so the *Guardian* reported, supported the ban. Roche just happens to be also chairman of Guardian and Manchester Evening News whose 20 percent share stake was used against Oyston.

'Slicker'



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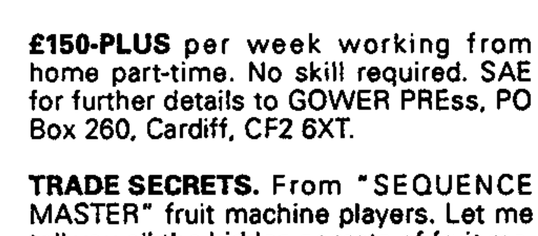

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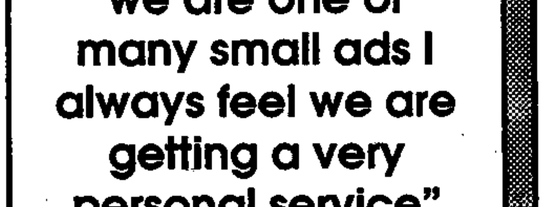

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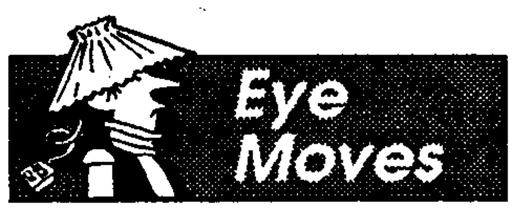

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YOU'RE 30-40ISH, single, British gentleman, wealthy, non-smoker, sporty, university educated, e.g. successful, mechanical engineer, who wants to make a lady out of me. I'm 28, educated, attractive woman, loves squash, music, travel, etc. Seeks the man of my life — you? Photo-letters all answered. Box 4674.

TALL, MATURE, professional man would like to befriend younger lady. Photo appreciated. London. Box 4774.

ALMOST DISENTANGLED. Passionate male, 30s, seeks intelligent, sensual, pretty lady with view to friendship/laugh/love. Full letter/photo pleas. Lakes/Durham/North. Box 4874.

SEX KITTEN with brains wanted to learn ballroom dancing with. Ambitious, unconventional, difficult City lawery, 28. F, N/S, mid-20s, windsurfer preferred. Box 4974.

WARM, LIVELY lady, 1945 model but very good condition seeks friendship for wining, dining and country walks. London. Box 5074.

YOUTHFUL, ACTIVE male, 36, seeks uncomplicated female for friendship and perhaps more. S. London/Surrey. Box 5174.

HANDSOME AMUSING City solicitor, 35, enjoys having fun, escaping rat race and City, likes Italy, sailing, exploring new places and beautiful women, seeks one of latter to participate in former. Photo please. Box 5274.

UNUSUAL LADY, 5'7", 40ish, blond, seeks sincere, fun loving relationship. Photo returned. Box 5374.

ATTRACTIVE, outgoing, divorced lady, fortysomething, seeks company of caring, intelligent, well educated, handsome, successful male who enjoys social scene, sport, theatre etc, companionship and possible long term commitment. S. East. Box 5474.

TALL, SLIM gentleman, no ties, about to retire, interested in meeting female friend, fit and earnest about a loving relationship. Box 5574.

WOMAN, 53, seeks academic, employed, intellectual, similarly aged, solvent man; of robust and optimistic disposition; with literary and philosophical concerns. Box 5674.

OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG and owner living in friendly pub in glorious Sussex countryside. Still seeks lady for walkies, company etc. Box 5774.

ATTRACTIVE, DIVORCED, professional lady seeks generous, humorous, intelligent male, 40-55. Interests: travel, the Arts, golf, (bad) tennis. Photo appreciated. London/Home Counties. Box 5974.

CARING, CHRISTIAN, professional divorcee seeks similar tall gentleman. Age 55-65 for lifelong commitment. Photograph appreciated. Box 6074.

TWO SALLYS, thirtysomething want to meet two Harrys! South East area. Box 6174.

6'2" AARDVARK. Now I have your attention. Tall, dashing, witty and successful Manchester lawyer, 29, seeks cross between Selina Scott and Madonna for fun and friendship. Photo appreciated. Box 6274.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL female (28), seeks amusing, goodlooking male golf partner for weekend games. Photo and good handicap appreciated. West Midlands. Box 6374.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. Attractive 30s man seeks intelligent, good looking woman, 20-35 for dining, cinema, travel, sports and fun. Is there anybody there? Photo/letter/Phone No. Box 6474.

MALE, 32, tall, goodlooking, seeks lady for fun, romance, seduction and loving liaison, to ease the strain of a tired relationship. Photo London/S. East. Box 6574.

SINGLE, MATURE man invites well endowed woman to exercise her (possibly kinky) fantasies within discreet relationship. Box 6674.

INDEPENDENT, PROFESSIONAL woman, 35, seeks single, professional man who is fun, intelligent, relaxed, smart and under 40 for restaurants, trivial conversation, theatre, music (all sorts) and friendship. London. Box 6774.

TALL, REDHEAD, still burning for that special fiery man over forty. Intelligent, solvent, London South. Find me. Box 6874.

OFF THE WALL and on the shelf, London male, 26, seeks lively female for fun and good company. Box 14574.

NICE GUY. Tall, slim, clean, 39, attached, seeks lady for occasional discreet, cuddly afternoons. Letter/photo. London/Herts. Box 14674.

MALE GRADUATE, 40, Turkish, seeks special lady for caring relationship. Box 5874.

HANDSOME CAMBRIDGE ex-officer, now writes and designs things, likes Beethoven, Pavarotti, the sea, mountains, needs tall, slim, charming, 30-40 woman with lovely face. Photo please. Box 6974.

UNATTACHED, BUSY professional male (31) seeks intelligent, attractive female to share weekends. Sense of humour essential. Scotland, Northern England. Photo appreciated. Box 7074.

EVEN WILDEBEEST find this handsome, tall graduate (33) a damned fine chap. But a sporting lady would be kinder on the carpets. No gnus. Box 7174.

CHIEF EXECUTIVE married but very bored is seeking a lady in similar circumstances for a very discreet liaison. Absolute discretion assured. Glasgow/Edinburgh area. Box 7274.

LIVELY FEMALE graduate, 25, (lives Oxford) attractive, funny, loves books, cinema, theatre, good food, countryside, animals, day-dreaming, dinner parties, etc. That's me. Who are you? Photo appreciated. Box 7374.

LOVELY LADY living in London looking for love in the M.W. Feeling lucky awaiting your letter. Let's share love, laughter and lunches. Box 7474.

CHRISTIAN LADY, 40, unattached, unencumbered, seeks similar gentleman. N.W. Box 7574.

SOUTH STAFFS. Tall, divorced, professional male, 44 seeks intelligent, sexy female, 25-45 for loving relationship. Box 7674.

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE graduate, 20s, seeks professional gentleman, 35-45 for friendship. Box 7774.

RANDY FEMALE companion wanted for Australian adventure by male, 23. Box 8474.

SOS. PROFESSIONAL man, 31, tied, trapped and desperately unhappy seeks warm; intelligent, non-judgemental, open-minded lady for genuine and intimate long term friendship. London/flexible. Box 8574.

LOVER OF CLASSICAL music, countryside, poetry, seeks unmarried non-sexist, humorous partner in N.E. for beer, romance and laughter. I'm 26, female, graduate, pining for good company of the meaningful variety. Long letter appreciated. Box 8674.

MOZART'S ON at the Manchester Palace in November. I'm going. My wife isn't. How about you? Any aria considered!! (Ugh). Box 8774.

SUNNY SPOT under large umbrella offered to attractive, amusing female (doctor?), 25-30. Umbrella held by nice historian, 30. Photo? Oxford/S. Wales. Box 8874.

ATTRACTIVE, INDEPENDENT, professional woman (26) single, seeks similar strong, sensual, sincere man to share fun, maybe more. Hants/South. Photo ensures reply. Box 8974.

GENTLEMAN, 42, single, fit, requires voluptuous lady (50+) for enjoyable times. North West. My photo for yours. Box 9074.

AMUSING, ARTICULATE, attractive, intelligent lady sought by attractive, busy oil executive, early forties, medium height, for dining and social activities. London area or Aberdeen fine, as I spend half my life in each. Box 9174.

COME AS YOU LIKE — hardworking doctor, Oxon area seeks Aphrodite. Box 9274.

MUSICIAN MALE, 30s, financially secure, psychology degree, bored with bimbos, seeks intelligent, laidback, slim, sensual female (musician?), 21-35 for fun, laughs, travel, maybe more? Box 14174.

INTELLIGENT, unconventional, married man, 41, seeks woman, perhaps similar for discreet affair. London/Thames Valley. Photo appreciated. Box 14274.

EASYGOING MALE (travels more than Phil Jennings!) slightly mad — quite a lot, actually. 38, N/S, genuine, available, hopes to find love and friendship with romantic, humorous, sexy female. Photo. Phone no. Box 14374.

FEMALE GRADUATE. Late 40s, own (struggling) business, seeks interesting (richer) male for occasional, sexy weekends. Box 14474.

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ATTRACTIVE LADY, 31, seeks non-smoking gentleman with security for marriage, children. West Midlands. Box 13574.

ALFREDO (36) seeks Violetta for consummation rather than consumption. Box 13374.

ATTRACTIVE SCORPIO gentleman, solvent in the extreme seeks very busty (not fat) lady, age not too important (either way), slight tartiness not objected to. Extreme reward offered to suitable lady. Box 13474.

JERSEY-BASED single female, 25, 5'6", blonde, attractive and well educated loves music, sailing, theatre, country life, seeks professional, sincere man for genuine friendship. Box 5273.

LOVELY, VIVACIOUS, attractive, funny, 40+ female seeks gentle man to rescue her from mediocrity of life in the Cotswolds. Only stipulations are warm personality, outrageous sense of humour and complete freedom to forge permanent relationship. Only genuine replies please. Box 11174.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL (24) male, coloured, 5'8", slim, seeks mature female. Tired of chasing girl racers (with little success), requires brief, passionate affair and/or long intense friendship. Mutual discretion. Essex area. Letter and photo if possible. Box 11274.

HERTS/LONDON based happily married man seeks happily married woman. Objective, extra marital bliss! If you'd like a sophisticated, handsome, tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed man, 42, to play with, pick up a pen. Box 11374.

INTELLIGENT, HUMOROUS, gentle, good looking male, 39, 5ft 7" seeks any female seeking a discreet and exciting alternative. W/E Sussex. Photo appreciated. Box 11474.

LOOK AT THIS ONE. Unconventional man, 45, seeks female companion for next 40 years. Are you slim, short, lonely, affectionate, uncynical, wanting mutuel commitment. Heart much more important than face. I'm slim, 5'6", confident, healthy (smoker), balding, fit, graduate, free-thinker, own media business. I like art, literature, hill-walking, smoking, talking and other pastimes. Want someone to share the sublime and the everyday. (No vegetarians or political partisans, please. Romantics most welcome.) Box 11574.

IS THERE ANYBODY out there? Professional Northern male, 29, seeks female, any age/status for life enhancing experiences or a drink. No breadheads. Box 11674.

MISERABLE, BORED, lonely male, 32, single, seeks non-smoker, animal loving female to share conversation, interests, outings and evenings. Ilkley, West Yorkshire. Box 10474.

BLOOMING ENGLISH ROSE, fragrant, hardy, with free-flowering, sometimes thorny wit, seeks unattached, cultivated, vigorous perennial, 42-55. Photo please. Box 10574.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 33, attractive, caring, humorous, graduate seeks slim, attractive, intelligent female, 25-32, for lasting relationship. East Midlands. Photo please. Box 11774.

KIND, CARING single man, 31, works City, lives Surrey. Interests include classical music, English history, gardening, countryside, seeks young Christian lady for lasting friendship. Box 11874.

ZURICH-BASED HUNK, 29, seeks attractive, *fun-loving girl,* 20-35 ish, for international relations. Photo please. Box 11974.

HAPPILY SINGLE (but open to offers) male seeks female to convince him that he's missing out. Children/pets no problem (except snakes). Me? 30, slim, blonde(ish), solvent, with car, house, job, etc, etc. Box 12074.

BRUNETTE, 27, likes scrabble, Chardonnay, picnics, seeks attractive, professional male for laughs, friendship, maybe more. Photo appreciated. Devon. Box 12174.

ACTIVE WIDOWER (60), many interests, seeks glamorous, slim, tallish, upper middle class lady, 40-55, to sail yacht S. France, travel and live life to full with view to marriage. Photo kindly. Box 12274.

ELEGANT, VERY ATTRACTIVE, slim brunette 40s — loves racing, champagne and stew and dumplings, seeks successful, affectionate, equal for fun and romance — hopefully longterm. Box 12374.

HOLLAND-BASED SCOT needs strapping lass (tall, travelled, late 20s) to help get his finger out of the Dyke. Strength and sense of humour essential. Business-orientated preferred. Charm and wit provided. Box 12474.

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MAN, EARLY FIFTIES, happily separated, solvent, gentle, literate, amiable lover. Likes gardening, bridge, music, kites, cats, country living. Seeks personable lady companion. North/North West but mobile. Photograph appreciated. Box 12574.

WINNEBAGO ACROSS AMERICA with me. All expenses paid. Attractive, professional, fit and forty seeks surrogate wife for six months sabbatical, 1992. Photo essential. Box 12674.

SENSUAL GENT — single. Seeks sensual and erotic long-haired single lady for fun and creative frolics; humour essential — please send photo. Box 12774.

FRANCE. SEPTEMBER. S/E man seeks bright, attractive lady francophile to share lazy holiday. Box 3874.

NEARLY NEW MAN, 39, seeks woman to share warmth, wit and interests: arts, walks, environment. South West. Box 3974.

I AM A LIVELY, goodlooking 26-year old businessman from Bahrain visiting Europe this Summer. Would a charming British, European or American lady (18-30) care to accompany me on my travels on the continent? I shall be visiting Switzerland and our family holiday home in the Greek Islands. Apart from travel my other interests are swimming, going out and studying cultures different to my own. Please reply fully to ALI. Box 3871.

FEMALE LAWYER (42, open marriage) tender-hearted but discerning, seeks lover/confidant residing London/Oxford. Box 9374.

THE WAGES OF SIN is death and I'm probably immortal. Please accompany me along the primrose way all you dissatisfied women in the East. Box 9474.

RUMPOLE WHERE ARE you? Capable, intelligent lady, 38, would like to share your wisdom and claret whilst fulfilling your dreams if "She who must be obeyed" has deceased or uncharacteristically done a bunk. Box 9574.

PRETTY WOMAN. Are you slinky or chic, but neglected, frustrated or alone? Do you like good wine, good conversation and need a good man? If yes, and would like to meet for discreet fun, please write — photo appreciated. Southwest/Anywhere. Box 9674.

TRUTHFUL KENT MAN, 42, seeks honest lady under 30. Box 9774.

SOUTHWEST LADY. Attractive blonde/brunette sought by handsome, married gent for discreet affair. Box 9874.

HANNIBAL LECTER seeks Clarice Starling lookalike for basement fun and games. Red Dragon Buffalo Bill types need not apply. Box 7874.

MALE, 40, single, 5'10", educated, caring antique dealer, London S.E. area seeks sincere female to share dining out and country pursuits with view to a long term relationship. Ethnic background immaterial. Box 7974.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 40s, fit, slim, seeks discreet liaison with high achieving, elegant, intelligent, attractive woman under 48. London-Surrey. Photo appreciated. Phone. Box 8074.

OILMAN, 34, shortly going exotic overseas location seeks independent, sporty female company. Box 8174.

"GENTLE"MAN. Youthful 55, aspiring hedonist. Temporarily fallen from grace and fortune, but pulling hard on bootstraps, desires lovely, serene, happy, confident, positive, slim'ish, sensuous lady to make effort worthwhile. Must appreciate relaxed restaurants, Exmoor, Tuscany, theatre, gardens, wild places, autumn, garlic, animals and me. Must abhor bullfighting, smoke and millionaires over 5'8" and under 56. Chatty letter plus photo secures immediate reciprocation. Box 8274.

ATTRACTIVE, SINGLE male, tall, slim, 41, seeks affectionate female. London/Home Counties/anywhere. Box 8374.

ATTRACTIVE MARRIED man, 25, seeks discreet fun with passionate woman any age. Photo please. Lancs. Box 10674.

SINCERE LAWYER (What that? — Ed.) scholarly interests but redeemed by frivolous sense of humour, loves Bach, badinage and idle musing, seeks kindly, thoughtful young lady. London. (The advertiser is 27 1½2. Box 10774.

SPARKLE NEEDED. Fun loving lady sought by caring, slim, tall, tied, professional 40s male. Age unimportant. Sense of humour; intelligent, easy conversation; personality are. Midlands but travels easily. Box 10874.

TALL, SLIM, ATTRACTIVE, successful, happy, funny, intelligent, passionate man, 31, seeks very elegant, attractive lady, 25-45 for some great uncomplicated laughs/times together. (London) Photo? Box 10974.

GRADUATE (26) seeks lady for discreet fun. London. Box 11074.

SIR, IT FALLS TO ME to ask,/Just when you will respond,/I'm beautiful, articulate, intelligent and blond./Svelte, green eyed and thirty-one,/And choosey it is true,/But would a less demanding girl/Be worthy then of you?/Your wealth is of significance,/Your background will be too,/Humour, likes and temperament,/And a photograph of you. Box 4074.

THAMES VALLEY based, attractive, fun-loving divorced father of two with a passion for boats, good food, excellent wine, adventure and like-minded females aged, 29-39. Photograph please. Box 12974.

MALE, SUCCESSFUL, 42, presentable, separated, fun, likes:- Cosi, Brioches, Ullswater, Flaubert + Parrot, Kids, Caprice, Reeboks, Times, G. Larson, SW1 to 7, Monbazillac, Riverside...seeks Girl Friend or Girlfriend. Box 13074.

VIVACIOUS, PROFESSIONAL non-smoking female, 40s, seeks cultured male for stimulating relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 13174.

FADING VIOLET, early 40s, missing male companionship, seeks solvent, humorous, easy going companion. Box 13274.

BLACK MALE doctor, 35, seeks woman for friendship and passion. Any nationality. Box 14774.

TALL, LUMPY, bald, loveable, solvent male, 52, reliable, uncomplicated, caring, sensitive, seeks positive lady, 35-60 who likes homelife, good food, theatre, films; for love and laughter. London/Home Counties. Box 14974.

BEAUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT lady sought by professional man, 45. London area. Box 13974.

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YOUNG BLONDE LADY seeks rugged officer as penpal/boyfriend, 28 plus, humour and intelligence a must. Photo please. Box 15074.

STINKINGLY RICH serviceman seeks lingerie loving lady, age, marital status unimportant. Sexuality a must. Box 15174.

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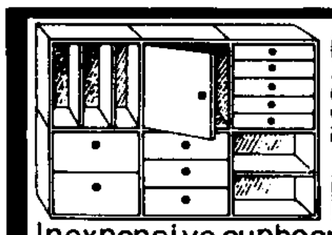

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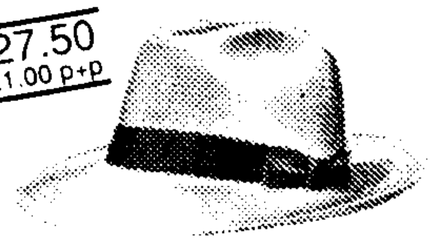

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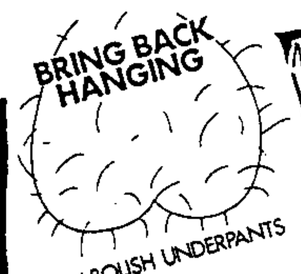

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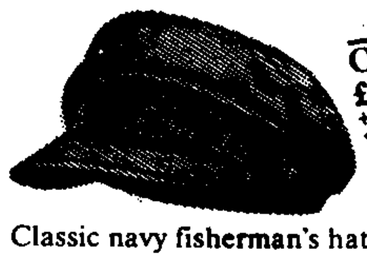

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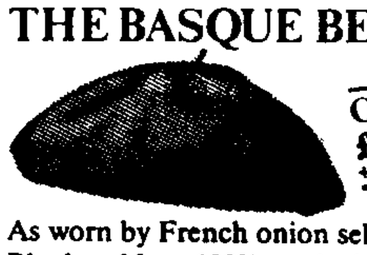

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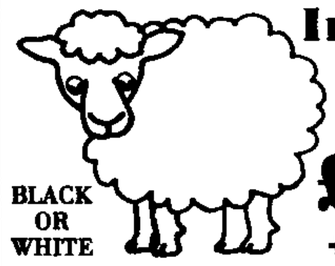

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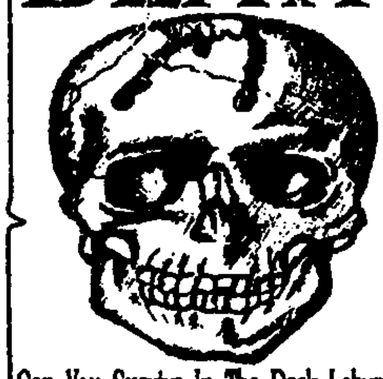

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The Ultimate legal high is Yuba Gold. Our latest combination of: Stimulant, Sedative, Narcotic, Tranquiliser and Euphoriant herbs are flavoured with mint. The result when smoked is the finest Marijuana like high ever. (especially in a waterpipe). The high is so close to the original smoke. Why be Illegal?

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